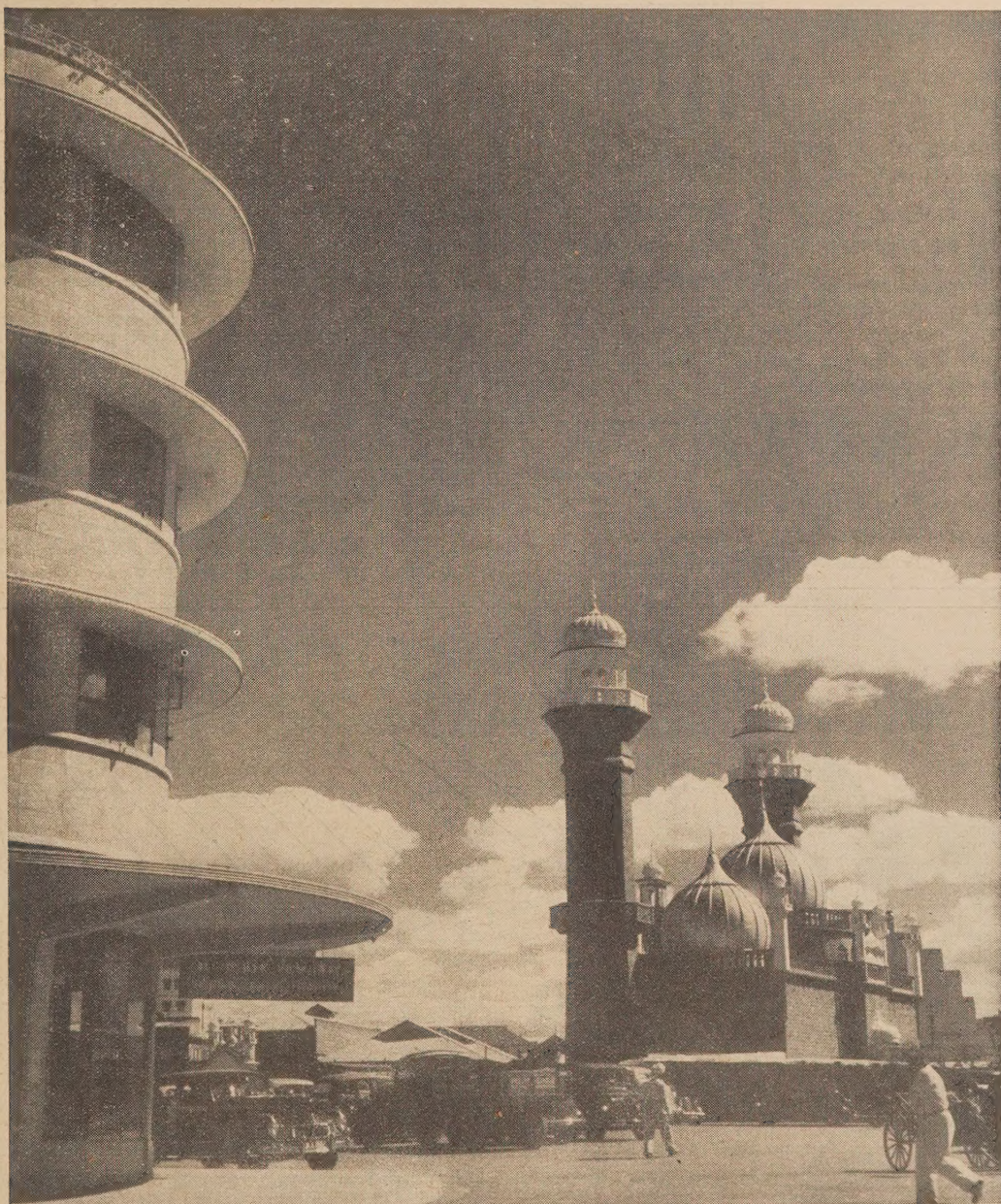


# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



New and old in Nairobi, capital of Kenya (see page 794)

B.O.A.C.

In this number:

Is Germany Safe for Democracy? (Ludwig Rosenberg)

The British Atomic Explosion (W. G. Penney)

The Origin of 'Androcles and the Lion' (Hesketh Pearson)



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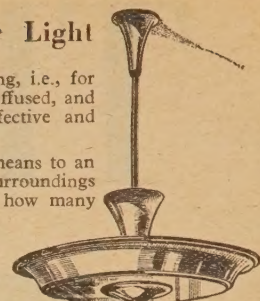
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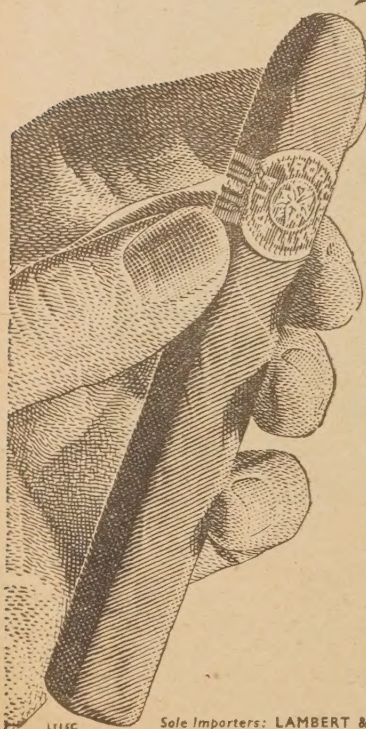
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# The Listener

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1237

Thursday November 13 1952

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## Is Germany Safe for Democracy?

By LUDWIG ROSENBERG

**N**EXT year the German Federal Parliament—the Bundestag—will be newly re-elected. The political, economic, and social future of the Federal Republic will be decided; and obviously all political life in the Federal Republic is influenced by this impending decision. If, therefore, you want to get a fair picture of the political scene in Germany and its international implications it might be wise to be constantly aware of these facts, and it might be less difficult to understand certain developments which now appear rather bewildering to the foreign observer.

The main political parties have held their congresses during recent weeks, and their attitudes clearly reflected the fact that the new elections for the Bundestag will take place in 1953. The Christian Democratic Union, the party of the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and the main party of the present Government coalition, discussed in Berlin its future policy and its attitude towards the main problems of German and international politics. Dr. Adenauer repeated his arguments that the policy of his Government should follow the line of economic and military integration with the Western Powers and at the same time try to achieve German unity. Though he was outspoken in his attack on the Socialist Opposition, he was rather careful not to annoy his coalition partners who, during the past year, obviously weakened the leading position of his party in the Government. The fact that the Free Democratic Party (F.D.P.) and the German Party (Deutsche Partei) are undoubtedly moving towards the right, and that their

votes in parliament are essential for securing the necessary majority, force the Chancellor to be careful. So the whole congress was more a demonstration directed against the system ruling in the Soviet Zone and a general confirmation of present government policy than a convention which gave the party a clear programme for the new elections. This will be done at the next party convention in Hamburg next year—obviously to give the party executive a chance to avoid a present clash of opinion with some of its coalition partners. It was in this way that the coming elections determined the atmosphere of the C.D.U. convention—less in what was said than in what remained unsaid.

The atmosphere of the congress of the Social Democratic Party was quite different. This took place some weeks before the Christian Democratic Union congress. The dynamic personality of Dr. Kurt Schumacher had to be replaced by a new leader of the opposition—or a future leader of the government—and the decision to make Erich Ollenhauer the successor of Schumacher was, I believe, undoubtedly a happy one. Ollenhauer has many of the qualities of Schumacher—his integrity, his honesty, and his clear conception are well known to his friends and political opponents. But he is less aggressive in his terminology and more restrained in his attacks. However, those who expect him to be more ready to sacrifice principles for expediency will be bitterly disappointed. Ollenhauer lived in England as a refugee for many years during the Nazi regime and he has obviously been impressed by the technique of political



life in Britain. He has, like so many refugees, acquired unknowingly much of the less aggressive but not less determined ways in which British parliamentarians fight each other. Under his leadership much of the misunderstanding in foreign countries of the policy of the Social Democratic Party may change into appreciation.

The party congress discussed a programme which could give a guide to a new government in making a policy. True to its socialist tradition it demands socialisation of the key industries and those economic and social changes which it considers necessary for the existence of a modern democracy. It was outspoken against the revival of nationalist and semi-fascist tendencies as well as against Bolshevik suppression of eastern Germany. It put German unity right into the forefront of all German political considerations. Its attitude towards European economic and military integration was determined by its belief that without the achievement of this unity any possibility of a stable democracy in Germany and of peace in Europe was impossible. Unlike other political parties, this party discussed the question of German rearmament in regard to its effects on the democratic development in Germany and in regard to the fear of a repetition of the kind of events which led to the collapse of the Weimar Republic. The party's aim is to make the whole of Germany a peaceful part of the free world, their conception of this free world is based on a new society and not on a restoration of the economic and social ideas of the last century.

### Problem of the Saar

Thus the two main parties took their position with regard to the coming elections: the C.D.U. being careful, and practically repeating its old policy, concentrating on the European integration policy of the Chancellor; the S.P.D. with a programme of action based on its belief in a new social and economic order. So far, so good. But all this does not yet answer the real problem which is at the base of all problems in Germany. Is Germany safe for democracy? Is the danger of extreme nationalism dead, and where are the guarantees that integration with the Western Powers—whether on the Adenauer line or the Ollenhauer line—will really strengthen the democratic front? Some may at once point to the attitude of all German parties towards the Saar. Here you have again, they might say, a typical sign of German nationalism. This, I believe, would be a dangerous simplification of the facts. There is no people in this world which would be ready to allow part of their country to be cut away from it without protest. The economic interests of a neighbouring country in the Saar could obviously be met in other ways than in the methods adopted by France. The French policy in the Saar makes work difficult for all those who want real friendship and co-operation between these two nations, and gives an unnecessary tool for nationalists who play into the hands of those who again and again prevented European unity. The average German—no matter to what party he may belong—cannot understand this policy. It has no apparent relation to the proclaimed aim of a supranational unification of Europe. To him it appears—in spite of all fine words—as the continuation of a policy which was responsible for centuries of enmity and destruction.

The danger of nationalism exists in other quarters. Recent events have shown that nazism is not yet dead in Germany. I believe that it is not as dangerous as some foreign observers make it appear. The tendency of some right-wing parties, even those in the Coalition Government, to catch votes by favouring reactionary groups is by no means a game whose outcome is sure. The Deutsche Partei had that experience a few weeks ago, when at its party convention the radical right-wing group nearly prevented the re-election of the former chairman of the party, and Minister Hellwege gave a warning in his speech against reviving the Hugenberg-Erzberger Front, the conservative forerunner of nazism. Many prominent nazis and nationalists have found their political home in these parties of the right, and the F.D.P. (Free Democratic Party) as well as the Deutsche Partei (German Party) claim that they give these people a chance to prove that by letting them in they have changed their

attitude towards a democratic community. Up to now one can only say that the former nazis have not become better democrats by joining these parties—but that these parties have undoubtedly moved steadily more to the right. The danger in this is that it might weaken the democratic forces of the middle class for they might again become unable to control the extremists they had let in.

Meanwhile German Democrats regard with very earnest attention the growth of all sorts of nationalist and semi-fascist organisations. They are glad that the highest German Court dissolved the Sozialistische Reichs Partei (Socialist Empire Party) and confiscated the property of this revival of nazism. They were struck by the discovery of the 'artisan groups' which were secretly organised and consisted of former nazis and army officers; they were shocked to hear that these groups had drawn up lists of prominent democrats who were to be liquidated in a time of emergency, and they are anxious to have this whole affair investigated to discover what part was played by officials of the Government, and to clarify the position of the American authorities.

All this was expressed in very definite terms in parliament by members of all democratic parties, and especially strongly at the congress of the German Federation of Trade Unions in Berlin. Here it was repeatedly declared that whoever would dare to attack the new democratic state, whether from the right or from the left, would see himself confronted with the unconditional resistance of more than 6,000,000 organised trade unionists who will not allow a repetition of any form of totalitarian regime in Germany. This congress proved that there are tremendous forces active in Germany which, because they are independent of parties, unite all those who, whatever their political or religious faith may be, believe in a living democracy—a democracy which is not fulfilled merely in democratic forms of administration, but is fulfilled in a way of living, and which has to grow. And this, I believe, is the real problem which confronts Germany. To fight totalitarian ideas, Germany needs more than arms and armies. I do not think it is wise to argue that anybody is good as an ally against Bolshevism simply because he is against it. Mercenaries may destroy the very things they are supposed to defend. If Germany is to become a true asset for the democratic world, all those inside and outside the country will have to unite to make a true democratic development in Germany possible.

It would be wrong to suppose that all these events which were so prominent in the news in recent weeks prove that there is a revival of dangerous forces in Germany. The fact that such forces exist need surprise no one, because, as I have said, nobody could expect nazism to be dead because Hitler lost a war. The very fact that these events are not laughed at but taken very seriously in Germany today shows the difference of attitude between 1925 and 1952. The Germans want to support a policy which leads peacefully to a unification of their country and a close co-operation with all democratic people. A few adventurers may still dream of their lost paradise which was hell to the majority of Germans. But, in spite of all, democracy is growing in Germany—a tender plant but watchfully guarded by millions.—*Home Service*

### The 1952 Reith Lectures

by Professor Arnold Toynbee on

'The World and the West'

will be published in THE LISTENER

beginning next week



# The British Atomic Explosion

By W. G. PENNEY

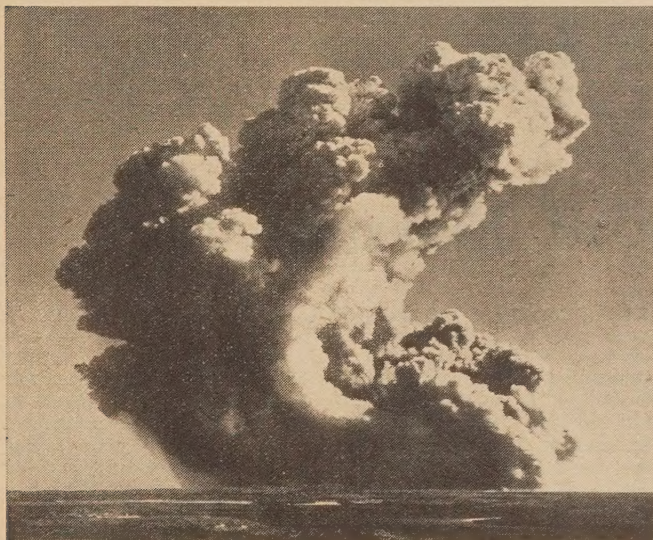
**M**OST people will have read Mr. Churchill's statement to parliament about the Monte Bello test. There is little that I can add but, even so, you may be interested in getting a personal account from a scientist who took part in the trial. When the planning began, much thought was given to deciding which type of explosion would provide information and experience of the greatest value. Purely scientific measurements are most easily made when the weapon is placed at the top of a high tower, but there were other weighty considerations. The Civil Defence authorities in this country badly needed more data about atomic explosions, and, accordingly, the

were not sure that the boats could get the scientists all round the islands to make the final adjustments of their instruments. However, as always, the Navy and the Marines rose to the occasion and the work was completed with nothing worse than a lot of wet shirts. Even up to an hour before the explosion, we were still anxiously watching the winds to see if the forecasts of the 'weather boys' were going to prove accurate. In fact, their predictions were absolutely right and, with much relief, the firing clock was started.

I was on the Flight Deck of *Campania* with Admiral Torlesse and most of the ship's company. We all faced away from the explosion as the last few seconds were counted over the loudspeakers. Suddenly there was an intense flash, visible all round the horizon. We turned round to look. The sight before our eyes was terrifying—a great, greyish-black cloud being hurled thousands of feet into the air and increasing in size with astonishing rapidity. A great sand-storm suddenly sprang up over the islands. It seemed ages before we heard the bang but, in fact, it was only a minute. Somewhat to our surprise, a second bang—at least as loud as the first—followed a few seconds later. At the same time we felt a peculiar sensation in our ears, such as one has in an aircraft losing height rapidly. We were feeling the suction, or reduced pressure, which always follows a blast wave. All the time, the cloud was getting higher and higher and assuming fantastic shapes as it was pulled about by the strong winds at different altitudes.

The explanation of the two bangs heard on the ships, and also heard on the mainland, is actually simple. The first bang was the direct sound wave, and the second was a reflection from a layer of warm air some two miles up.

Many comments have been made about the shape of the cloud and



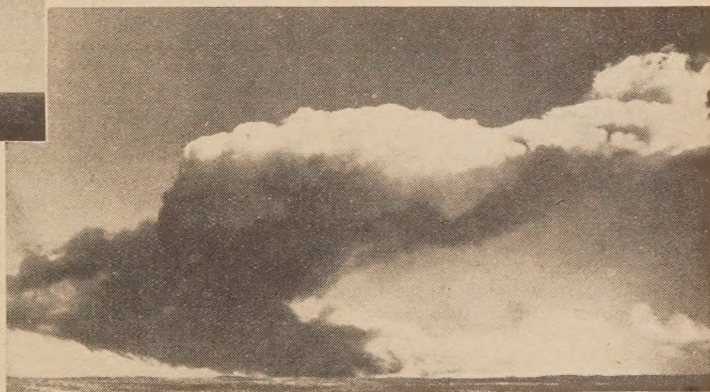
The atomic explosion at Monte Bello: the second photograph shows the cloud formation thirty minutes after the explosion

test was planned to get as much novel information as possible for Civil Defence. The decision was made to explode the weapon in a ship moored near land, thus simulating an explosion in a port. The ship was to be equipped as a scientific transmitting station, sending out by radio a vast number of measurements about the nuclear explosion before the equipment was destroyed. More scientific apparatus was to be placed on the islands to record other phenomena such as blast, heat, and radio activity.

The question of where to do the trial presented a problem. Suitable sites for this sort of work are not easy to find. The Admiralty made a search through their charts and it seemed as if the Monte Bello Islands would offer everything that we wanted. The Australian Government readily agreed to a survey being made of these islands and it was found that they were entirely suitable. The Australian Government, at this stage, generously gave us permission to hold the trial there. They also offered us substantial assistance in preparing the site and in supplying us with food, water, and everything else which we needed, in order to work and live in security at Monte Bello.

At a very early stage it was decided to conduct the trial as a military operation and, in May of last year, Admiral Torlesse was appointed to work with me and prepare a detailed plan, on the good principle that 'he who plans an expedition should also carry it out'.

An elaborate trial, like the one at Monte Bello, is not completed without some anxious moments. Fortunately there were not many of them, but the night before D-1 Day was, perhaps, our worst spell. In order to get the right winds at the time of the explosion we had to choose a period of strong winds for both D-1 Day and for D Day. We got the strong winds all right! The winds were so strong that we



how different it was from the mushroom cloud with the very high stalk shown in most American pictures of atomic explosions. The great weight of the mud and water in the cloud at Monte Bello kept the cloud from rising very far. Even so, the top of the cloud at Monte Bello rose just over two miles above the sea. The explosion had some resemblance to that of the atomic weapon exploded by the United States in the waters of the Bikini Lagoon. The cloud there rose to a height of a little over one mile. The peculiar Z-shape of the cloud, ten minutes or so after the explosion, was due to the strong winds blowing in different directions at different heights. The cloud was pulled into a gigantic spiral shape which, when seen from the ships and from the mainland, appeared rather like a letter 'Z', rapidly moving northwards away from the islands and from the mainland.

The experiment went according to plan and the scientific records were complete. We know what happened and we can give to the Civil Defence authorities some accurate answers to some of their problems. It is, of course, an easy matter to report that we obtained a complete set of records: it is more difficult to convey the scale of the effort involved. Electronic gadgets were the basis of nearly all measurements.



We took no less than 300 different types of electronic devices, and many of them were used in half-dozens or dozens. Some of them looked like television sets but, instead of a viewer watching a picture on a screen, a camera was used to photograph the record which appeared. In other cases, measurements were automatically passed by radio to a central recording office in one of the ships.

Many photographs of the explosion were taken—both stills and moving. Most of the cameras were of types that can be bought in the shops or from scientific-instrument makers. However, we were very keen on getting ultra-rapid photographs of the very early stages, when the fire-ball began to burst through the ship. No camera can be bought with the speed that we wanted, so we designed and built our own. We ran our camera in such a way that it took about 100 pictures at intervals of ten microseconds—that is to say, at the rate of 100,000 pictures per second. The exposure time for each picture was one ten-millionth of a second.

We expected that the contamination on the land near the explosion would be severe, and one of our primary jobs was to measure the degree of contamination. Naturally, we were not going to take risks by entering the area too soon. The re-entry survey parties all wore protective clothing covering them from head to foot, and they also wore gas masks. The appearance of men in this clothing, scrambling about on the white sandhills in the blazing sun and peering at their instruments every few seconds, was a weird sight. Everyone in the parties sweated profusely, and one man lost no less than seventeen pounds in a single trip. However, on return to the health control centre, a few long drinks of water,

some salt tablets, and a meal with plenty of tea, quickly restored the loss of weight and nobody felt any the worse.

An aspect of the trial which calls for comment is the harmonious way in which scientists and servicemen have worked together in a combined amphibious operation. The fighting services nowadays often comment on how technical all their paraphernalia is becoming. On this occasion they not only had to put up with loads of scientific apparatus but they also had the scientists as well. The ordeal was not as bad as they feared and everybody learnt valuable lessons.

So much for the trial. Now for the weapon itself, about which, of course, I can say little. You no doubt realise, if only from the cost of all large atomic energy projects, that the weapon is a complex affair involving specialists in many fields of science and engineering. The fissile material and all the equipment used at Monte Bello were made in Britain. I want, therefore, to take this opportunity of paying my tribute to all those in Ministry of Supply establishments and ordnance factories and in industry who worked so hard and so loyally to get the work done. I myself would specially like to add a word of thanks to my own staff.

Finally, Mr. Churchill has said that the results of our atomic weapon programme should be beneficial to public safety. As a scientist, I should like most strongly to agree with this view. The energy and enthusiasm which have gone into the making of this new weapon stemmed essentially from the sober hope that it would bring us nearer the day when world war is universally seen to be unthinkable.

—Home Service

## Kenya in a State of Emergency

By ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. special correspondent

FOR more than a fortnight\* now there has been a state of emergency in Kenya. The grave step of proclaiming it was taken by the Government of the colony in order to meet the lawlessness, violence, and disorder that have afflicted a small but important part of Kenya since the beginning of the year. A visitor to the colony sees the effects of this state of emergency wherever he looks. As you move about the centre of Nairobi, which is a passable replica of an English country town, you see at once that something unusual is afoot. In one shop, which sells guns and ammunition, the shop assistant looks at you with the resignation of someone going through a set piece, and tells you even before you have uttered a word that he has not got a firearm of any kind in stock but will put you on the waiting list. Truck-loads of armed policemen move about the city all day long, it seems. Many of them wear desert hats, as if saying that they do not really belong to the cool capital, more than 5,000 feet above sea level—they are reinforcements from the hot Northern Province on the border of Ethiopia.

In some bar or coffee shop you will see a group of men of the Lancashire Fusiliers, with proud, yellow hackles in their black berets and knife-edge creases in their battle-dress trousers. They belong to the battalion that has been flown in from the Middle East, 'just in case'. This is the first British battalion to be stationed in Kenya in peace time for more than thirty years.

The man who served you in the bank the other day is wearing, you notice, the uniform of the Kenya Police Reserve, and is off on a spell of duty. As night falls the city rushes away. The men, if they are not in the police reserve, put on the red arm-band of the newly formed Home Guard and march with sporting rifle or golf club up and down the dark roads around the perimeter of Nairobi, where many of the Europeans live in houses widely separated from one another by generous gardens and groves of coffee trees. The women, most of whom have jobs, hurry off after the day's work to guard the children or, if they are single, to help out in canteens, and so on.

That is the Nairobi of the Europeans. In the non-European areas, too, there is the same constant awareness of the emergency. The Asians who sell bolts of cloth in River Road or rattle away on sewing machines in tiny shops smelling of incense and decorated with strident pictures of Hindu saints seem always to be looking over one shoulder, not quite knowing what to expect. As for the Africans of Nairobi, the tens of

thousands who have left their tribes and their traditional way of life to work on the railway and in factories and hotels, they are depressed and bewildered for the most part. The few who clearly understand the need for the emergency measures, the detentions, the police round-ups, the banning of vernacular news-sheets that have been officially condemned as seditious, are helping out as stalwartly as the Europeans. But the majority of Africans seem aware only of the need to get home, while it is still light, to their huts or barracks in the gloomy African location, there to stay out of harm's way until a new day begins and once more they have to trudge back for three or four or more miles into the city.

It is not only Nairobi, of course, that has this emergency atmosphere, it extends over an area running north from the capital for 100 miles and more, up through the Central Province and a part of the Rift Valley province, wherever, in fact, the members of one of Kenya's many tribes, the Kikuyu tribe, predominates. For it is the Kikuyu, or some of them, who have been almost exclusively responsible for the arson, the murders, the intimidation, that have made the emergency regulations necessary. Certainly, it is only members of the Kikuyu tribe who support the subversive secret society, Mau Mau, of which I shall have something to say.

The Kikuyu are just over 1,000,000 strong, they form about a fifth of the total African population. They are by general agreement the most enterprising and politically conscious tribe in the colony. They are also—and this is shown by crime statistics—the most lawless. Most of the Kikuyu live in their own reserves, where they till the soil and keep their cattle. These reserves are not solid, fenced-in areas, as you might suppose: their continuity is broken up very often by the European settled areas, by the farms of the White Highlands. There is not enough land in the reserves to go round, if you make the assumption, as the Kikuyu do, that everyone must own land. In the fifty years or so since the British began to administer Kenya, tribal warfare has become a thing of the past, much disease and famine have been wiped out, and the Kikuyu have multiplied as never before. The overcrowding in the Kikuyu reserves is one consequence of *Pax Britannica*.

The Kikuyu in the reserves look at their eroded plots, which are often made worse than they need be by the unwillingness of the cultivator to co-operate with the government agricultural officers. They compare them with the efficient and prosperous farms of the Europeans,



and they feel resentful. Many Kikuyu, finding themselves unable to make a living in the reserve, have moved to Nairobi, where again, they compare their own wages, perhaps three or four pounds a month, with the much higher wages of the Asians in similar jobs. The Africans' wages provide only the barest essentials—his bed space alone may cost eleven shillings and sixpence a month. Then there is a third group of Kikuyu, who neither live in the reserves nor work in the city; they squat on European farms and give their labour in return for wages and the use of a few acres; some of them, too, have become disaffected. You can perhaps imagine the anxiety of a European farmer during this time of emergency if his farm adjoins one of the Kikuyu reserves, and he has Kikuyu labour which he no longer trusts working for him.

I visited just such a farm recently, a mixed farm of 15,000 acres, lying between the Rift Valley and the lower slopes of the Aberdare Mountains. The comfortable farmhouse, with a neat lawn in front of it and a bed of English roses, is five miles from the main road. To get to it you twist your way up a rutty, dusty track. We sat there on the hillside looking out over the farm at the Kikuyu reserve beyond, and beyond that the silvery glint of Lake Naivasha; actually we were only an hour-and-a-half's drive from Nairobi and yet the owner of the farm told me that his nearest white neighbour was ten miles away, and the nearest police station nineteen miles away. The farm, of course, has no telephone.

This particular farmer had seventy Africans working for him, some of them Kikuyu, and he was doubtful of their loyalty. He said that he had taken to sleeping with a loaded revolver by his bed, and he spoke quite seriously of hiring night watchmen from another tribe to patrol



A scattered Kikuyu village in Kenya; and (right) an elder of the Kikuyu tribe

the farmhouse at night, with bows and arrows for silence. He explained how easy it would be for the Kikuyu to harass him if they wanted to. Most of the water used on the farm comes from a diesel pump four miles away from the house, in thick forest. What could be simpler than for a group of Kikuyu to go out at night and smash the pump with sledge hammers? One of his neighbours, he told me, has had his bore hole filled up with sand three times within a few weeks. Another had lost some sheep—they had had nails driven into their skulls.



In the present state of tension it is Europeans like this, living on isolated farms in or near the Kikuyu country, who are most worried by Mau Mau. Now what is this secret society, Mau Mau? Officials here tell me that it is a recrudescence of a society known as the Kikuyu Central Association which was proscribed for subversive activities in 1900; it has been revived by those who want to achieve a form of Kikuyu tyranny, it encourages race hatred, and it is violently anti-European and anti-Christian. It pursues its aims by the forcible administration of secret oaths to men, women, and children; they are made to swear that they will drive the Europeans from Kenya, that they will kill Europeans if necessary, that they will not inform against fellow members, and so on. Mau Mau makes use of the paraphernalia of witchcraft. When the police have raided Mau Mau ceremonies they have found such things as dead dogs, strangled cats, sheep's eyes impaled on thorns, troughs for blood, and so on.

During the past year Mau Mau has attracted to itself all the worst Kikuyu criminals, and its example has encouraged ordinary law breakers—those outside Mau Mau—to step up their own activities. This secret society is so ruthless in operation that most Africans are terrified to give evidence against it. So much is known of Mau Mau. But there is very much that is not known, even by those most closely concerned with finding out. For example, no one really knows what the word Mau Mau means. One of many theories is that it is an onomatopoeic name for the noise a ravenous person makes when he is gobbling his food. It would thus mean something like 'the hungry one', indicating that the Kikuyu are hungry for land. But, as I said, that is only a guess. Nor is it known how many Kikuyu have taken the Mau Mau oath, willingly or unwillingly. One estimate



In Nairobi: Africans waiting, behind barbed wire, for interrogation by police searching for suspected members of Mau Mau

(continued on page 813)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on General Eisenhower's victory

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## Contemporary History

THE reviewer of Mr. G. M. Young's interesting biography of *Stanley Baldwin* (the notice of which appears on another page) justly remarks that writing the history of our own times is 'a tricky business'. In several respects it differs from the investigation of past ages. In the first place, it is by no means easy to feel detached about events through which we ourselves have lived and persons whom we have known. Secondly, it is far harder to obtain an exact sense of proportion. For most periods of history the ground has been ploughed before: the major happenings, whether in politics, economics, or culture, have been defined; the snow has melted and the landmarks stand revealed. But when we come to our own times we are apt to attach a special sense of importance to matters about which we felt deeply at the time or happened to be concerned; we do not always remember that there might have been another angle to the question and that other people had a different point of view. Of course it is true that the same personal predilections may protrude themselves into the study of older periods. Academic historians are capable of becoming extremely worked up: one recalls the famous controversies in which J. H. Round and G. G. Coulton centred and, among non-academic historians, there was a controversy between H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc that made the rafters ring. Historians inevitably identify themselves with their own brands of religion and politics as they traipse across the remote past. Still in contemporary history the temptation to strike attitudes and take sides must be the hardest to resist.

But what is most tricky in writing the history of our own times is the handling of material. If one is studying events long past one is well aware that the least satisfactory form of evidence is the autobiography. The day-to-day diary (provided it has not been written with an eye to publication or subsequently tampered with by the author) is first-class historical material. The blessings conferred upon posterity by the shorthand indiscretions of Samuel Pepys are widely appreciated. But either autobiography or memoirs can nearly always be shown to be inaccurate by comparison with other historical materials. Not that the writers are consciously dishonest; it is only that memory is fickle and selective. But in writing contemporary history it is not easy to resist the temptation of relying upon such material—it is often the most novel thing one has to offer—and, on the other hand, the historian may not have the means of checking recollections against the documents of the day. In politics, for example, the archives of the Foreign Office are taboo except to the official historian; so are the archives of other Government Departments; and as to Cabinet documents and minutes, one can be certain that they will be closed for generations to come.

Under these circumstances, in order to do his task as well as he may, the historian is obliged to make much use of the newspapers, the columns of *Hansard*, and White Papers and Blue Books. Sir Lewis Namier has written that most of the secrets are in print if one knows where to look for them. A trained journalist, in particular, should be able to assess what items are of significance in the more serious dailies. Nevertheless this is an intractable mass of material, and for a single historian to be able to handle it with credit is virtually the work of a lifetime. Thus one would suggest that either the writer of contemporary history must be the head of a team or he must limit himself to very modest aims. Nevertheless, formidable though the task may be, it must be undertaken sooner or later. The pioneers are certain to go wrong at points and meet with severe criticism; but at least their successors ought to be grateful.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S VICTORY in the presidential election was the subject of numerous commentaries from all over the world. From the United States itself, comment naturally varied according to political opinion. As an example of reaction from a newspaper which had supported the Democratic candidate, the *New York Post* was quoted as saying:

Many Americans undoubtedly believe that General Eisenhower's triumphant experience in war has equipped him to deal with the terrible problems of peace. Few men in history have ever received so affirmative an expression of popular esteem. We hope that General Eisenhower will prove to be the man whom millions have dreamed he is.

General Eisenhower's undertaking to go to Korea aroused widespread comment. The *New York Times* was among the newspapers quoted as warning against undue optimism over his being able to end the war:

General Eisenhower has put his proposed visit to Korea within a framework which excludes two courses urged by extremists. He has excluded any appeasement as being the road, not to peace, but to surrender on the instalment plan . . . He has likewise excluded any expansion of the Korean war that might plunge us into a global war.

The *New York Times* emphasised that the President-elect will need the help of Liberal Democrats in Congress to achieve national unity:

He will need bi-partisan support throughout the country if he is to meet successfully the shocks and crises with which Soviet imperialism is certain to confront us in the next four years.

Many American newspapers were quoted as underlining that American foreign policy would continue to be based on the principle of co-operation with her allies in securing the safety, strength, and prosperity of the free world.

From France, an article by André Siegfried in *Le Figaro* was quoted as expressing concern at General Eisenhower's choice of Ministers:

The future will be as Eisenhower chooses to make it. If it is according to the inspiration of the Eisenhower whom we knew here, we have nothing to fear. But if Taft, McCarthy, and even MacArthur make the weight of their presence felt, we have some reason for disquiet.

From Australia, the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* was quoted as saying:

President Eisenhower is unlikely to alter the basic Truman doctrine of containing communism by military and economic support for the free nations.

Several newspapers in Australia, as elsewhere, expressed doubts as to whether Eisenhower's visit to Korea would succeed where others had failed, but the *Age of Melbourne* was more optimistic:

If he succeeds in creating a new atmosphere in any fresh negotiations at Panmunjom, it will be a wonderful achievement at the threshold of his new career. Perhaps no one better than he knows the risks he is taking and how much is at stake.

Up to the time of writing Moscow radio has not yet commented—merely giving the news of the results. But the satellite radios were quick to react. A typical communist comment came from Prague radio:

Yesterday's presidential election in the United States was the usual election farce, giving the American voter no choice except between two candidates of the Wall Street banks . . . Despite this, the results show that American voters have expressed their views on United States policy as a whole. Their vote for Eisenhower was a vote against the Truman political line of the past seven years. They voted against corruption and high prices, taxes, the Marshall Plan, N.A.T.O. and rearmament, and, above all, they voted against the Korean war.

Although many satellite broadcasts equated Eisenhower's success with the desire of the American people for peace in Korea, Berlin radio (like Moscow radio on the eve of the elections) maintained that his offer to go to Korea was nothing but an election trick. Berlin radio also maintained that Eisenhower's victory had been 'agreed beforehand, just because it was the turn of the Republicans this time'. German listeners were also reminded that Eisenhower, as Supreme Commander of the invasion forces, had been 'responsible for the terrorist air raids on many German cities'. Vienna radio's 'Russian Hour' forecast that the new President would 'suppress the last remnants of freedom under the slogan of anti-communism'. The same radio prophesied that the choice of Eisenhower would 'intensify the crisis of American policy, add to the widespread anti-American mood in Europe, and accentuate the antagonisms within the American bloc'.



## Did You Hear That?

### AUCKLAND HARBOUR BRIDGE

TWO BRITISH FIRMS, Dorman Long and Co., of Middlesbrough, and the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company, of Darlington, have won a £4,250,000 contract to build a bridge across Auckland Harbour in New Zealand. The contract, which is subject to certain reservations, was competed for by both continental and American firms, and it is the biggest of its kind to come to Britain since the war. BERNARD FORBES, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about the project in the Light Programme. 'Auckland Harbour,' he said, 'has been needing a bridge like this for some time. One of the engineers, who has recently returned from New Zealand, told me about the severe traffic jams occurring every day because vehicles have to be ferried across the harbour. It is at this point—at the mouth of the Waitemata River—that the channel narrows. The city of Auckland, with its docks and harbour installations, is on the south shore, while on the other side are fine bathing beaches and the growing residential suburb of Northcote, where more and more houses are going up. The bridge will be built across the narrowest neck of the harbour here. It will be exactly two-thirds of a mile long and will reduce to minutes instead of hours the time it takes for the people of Auckland to reach this delightful suburb. With only ferries available at present, long queues of vehicles wait for up to two hours each evening to cross over to the other side.'

'Built across the channel, the bridge will be close to the centre of an unspoiled island-studded paradise. The surrounding countryside is enhanced by the stumps of old volcanoes, with picturesque names like "One Tree Hill". The craters are extinct, but earthquakes cannot be entirely ruled out, and so the bridge will be made as earthquake-proof as possible. This will mean firmer anchorages than are normally required, and plenty of allowance for expansion in the superstructure. So the 10,000 tons of British steel, forming the framework of the bridge, will possess elastic-like qualities. Some of the foundations will have to be laid ninety feet under water.'

'Both the Sydney Harbour bridge and this new bridge for Auckland were designed by the same London firm of consulting engineers. But unlike the Sydney Harbour bridge, which is arched, the Auckland Harbour bridge will be a cantilever construction with seven huge spans. One of these spans—the one over the navigation channel—will be 800 feet long and much higher than the others, high enough above the spring tides for all ships using the channel to pass underneath it. The roadway will be fifty-five feet wide, which means enough room for five lanes of traffic, and there will be two footpaths for pedestrians. In addition the bridge will carry water, gas, and electric services from the city of Auckland to the borough of Northcote.'

### A PICTURE OF VANNES

In a Home Service talk, JOHN CHANDOS described a trip he made recently along the coast of Brittany in a motor launch. This is what he noticed about Vannes:

'The old city', he said, 'spreads down from a hill and embraces

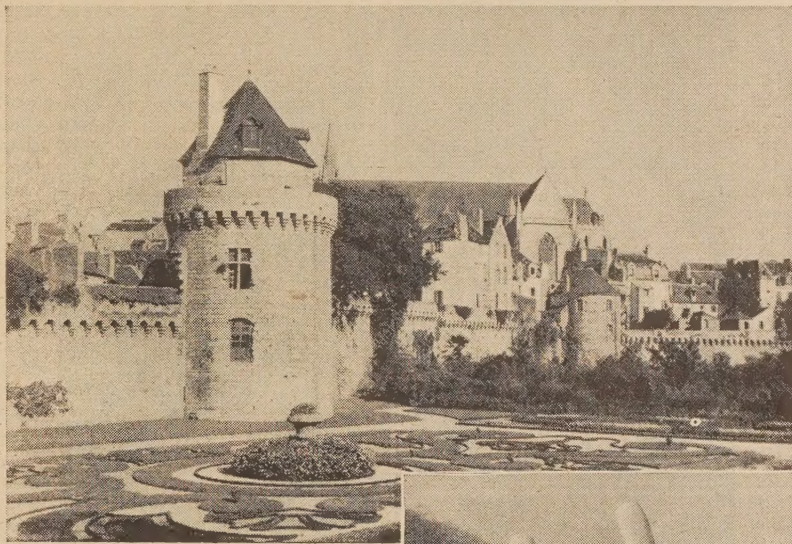
the river, so that sailing up to the quay one gets the impression of sailing into the midst of the city. The old and the new seem to have been grafted together painlessly. The old is unspoiled without there being any sense of apathy or mere survival. Vannes is an excellent place to shop, by the way, on any day of the week, even Sunday, till late in the evening. And the people who serve seem far from discontented. Yet there are many radical changes happening in Brittany, even in a conservative old place like Vannes. A sharp break between the traditions and conduct of the older and younger people is evident. It is especially

evident because the changes involve the abandonment of language and of a stylised dress by the young people. The formal black garments and the little white cylinders of lace, poised miraculously on the head, are seen in general only on grandmothers; and the old, hand-painted pottery is being swamped in souvenir shops by calculatedly sentimental imitations from a factory.

'But there is no sense of decadence in the air. What is happening is a rapid delayed adjustment to the present century. It makes people sad who enjoy the antique and the quaint for their own sake. But these modes and crafts were once new themselves, and indeed they are not as old as some people think. The essential traditions of Brittany, such as fishing, go on. Where recently was nothing but the site of a bombed harbour, a new and bigger harbour and sea-wall has been built to contain those distinctive boats, high in the prow and high in the stern, which were so described by Caesar. It is noticeable to Englishmen that the seamen on the quays, in their berets and clogs and loose, blue blouses, are full-time fishermen, not inactive ex-fishermen or never-

fishermen who at certain resorts invite visitors to go for a round trip on the *Skylark*. When we were out at sea one day, we spied the fishing boat of an old friend. Though he is prosperous and no longer young, M. Oulhen still goes to sea to command operations personally. To do this he eats, lives, and sleeps with his crew in a single, broad, dark cabin which—like the cabin of an eighteenth-century English man-of-war—is so low that one cannot stand up in it. The reason in the case of French fishing boats is that most of the squat and seaworthy boat is devoted to the comfort of M. Oulhen's beloved prisoners, *les crustacés*, his precious lobsters and still more precious crayfish.

We exchanged courtesy calls and when we boarded his boat he opened up the hatches and we looked down into a dark, deep shaft in which a sudden, convulsive agitation betrayed the presence of an armour-plated



Vannes, in Brittany, and (right) two women of the city wearing 'little white cylinders of lace poised miraculously on the head'

French Government Tourist Office





host. They were awash in sea-water, for part of the bottom of the hull is perforated like a sieve. When M. Oulhen has been in harbour any time, he may be seen putting to sea without warning, travelling in a kind of pleasure circle a mile or two out and then returning. This operation is performed for the benefit of *les crustaces* which do not like the oily water of the harbour'.

### FILMING A VILLAGE

The REVEREND J. C. ADAMS, Vicar of Hampton-in-Arden, and some of his friends, have completed a film about their village. He spoke about it in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'We first had the idea about three years ago, when a few of us got together to discuss the possibility of making a documentary of village life as it is today. I personally was anxious that we should also incorporate something of the past history of the village as well, which of course we did, and I wanted to answer two critics. One, a newspaper reporter, had written some years ago that there was nothing of interest in Hampton-in-Arden. That was bad enough, but when somebody else in search of work had said, "I don't like this place: it's all sky and trees", I felt something should be done to show the village as it is and how it came to look this way.

'The problem, then, was where we should begin. I think most of us were agreed that it was not desirable to follow a rigid plan, nor did we wish to impose any artificial theme or story. As far as possible, our aim was to let the village tell its own story through its buildings, its institutions, and its recreations. Living as we do in beautiful and historic Warwickshire, it seemed to me that the first demand was that Hampton should be set in its context. And so one Saturday afternoon we set off to shoot some well-known Warwickshire scenes. We visited Warwick, where we took the Castle, Mill Street, and the Leicester Hospital; then Kenilworth and Stoneleigh. Later we took some shots nearer home. After several attempts, we managed to take the deer at Packington Park and also a meeting of the Woodmen of Arden—the company of archers founded in the eighteenth century, all of whom looked extremely picturesque in their traditional costumes.

'We visited Berkswell and took shots of the church and village and we also took Grimshaw Hall, that splendid Tudor country house which is not sufficiently known. This brought us to our own village. There was no lack of material. We decided that we would have as few set scenes as possible, preferring to allow the camera to eavesdrop on local events and activities. Occasionally as, for example, in filming a line of old cottages, known among ourselves as Sparrow Barracks, we arranged to have two villagers talking at a window as an added interest to the scene. Apart from such modest devices, we allowed the village to tell its own story'.

### AN INFINITY OF PUPPETS

An exhibition of puppets was recently organised by the British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild. PATRICIA BRENT described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'There was almost every type of puppet there', she said, 'from

a grinning clown three feet high, holding a carnival head with what looked like painted ping-pong balls for eyes and a red ping-pong ball for a nose, to Chinese figures, about two inches high, wearing fierce masks. They were brought back to Britain after the Boxer Rebellion early in this century.

'The exhibits from China were labelled shadow puppets. Usually a shadow puppet is flat. In the old days it used to be just a cut-out in leather. You did not look at the puppet; it was behind a screen, and what you looked at was the shadow, so there was no need for the puppet to be anything but, well, a piece of cardboard. In some parts of the Far East women were not allowed to sit in the audience of shadow plays, but they were allowed to see the puppets being worked behind the screen, and so some of the figures were elaborated for their benefit, and it was some of these more elaborate ones that were on view at the exhibition.

'They are made of wax, built up layer by layer, which gives the colour that translucent quality. One thing that struck me was that most of the puppets, no matter what part of the world they came from, were almost caricatures; they were so grotesque. But they have to be like that and to have exaggerated features if they are to be seen clearly from the auditorium.

'There was certainly a wide range among the strange, exotic little figures at this exhibition. For instance, one character was from *Alice in Wonderland*, the Mock Turtle. It was made of felt and the tears that dropped from its eyes were made of two threads of pearls.

'And then there was a Hans Andersen character, the Snow Queen, a dazzling personality with blue feather eyelashes. She was made in the form of a glove puppet. These are worked by pulling them over one's hand and putting two fingers into the head, and one's thumb and little finger into the hands.

'I tried out another of her kind, a kitten in a blue dress with a white rubber face, china blue eyes and round, white furry paws, and this puppet had been made to fit the hand of a child about ten years old.

'There was a Punch and Judy show, and a section showing puppets in their stage settings.

One of the settings I particularly

noticed was a room full of light, modern furniture built to a scale of eighteen inches in height with all the chairs and tables and even the wireless cabinet carefully dovetailed.

'Another exhibition that struck me was a stage-set in cardboard for a production of "Merrie England", with full scenery and the cast and an orchestra of sixty, complete with conductor and grand piano, all cut out of thin cardboard, and painted so meticulously that I could count the knuckles on the musician's hands.

'The puppet goes back almost to the dawn of civilisation; at any rate it goes back to the days of the Pharaohs, because marionettes made of clay and with limbs that were jointed and could be made to move have been found in the tombs of the rulers of ancient Egypt. Such marionettes were introduced into this country during the sixteenth century, and are still a great deal more popular as an entertainment than is generally recognised. In fact, I was told at the exhibition that there are forty-five professional puppet companies in Britain alone'. Altogether nearly 500 puppets were to be seen at this striking exhibition.



A visitor is interested in 'The Clown with a Carnival Head' at the exhibition of puppets in London



# 'Univac' and the Landslide

ALISTAIR COOKE on the American presidential election

**Y**OU may have noticed that Americans manage to make a game even out of their most routine political events. But when the crises come, it is a game as violent as American football, and it usually entails a scoring system as complicated as bridge. In other countries a political party conference involves much backstairs' gossip, and in public, I am sure, no less exercise of the ego than an American political party convention. But to take much interest in it, you have to know about the men and the issues. A foreigner would get restless and bored, if he did not have a natural leaning to politics. But in America, there is about a party convention—and about an election night, especially—the atmosphere of a combination whist drive and dance of death put on by an African tribe. The simplest stranger here feels his pulse beat a little faster as the day goes along, and he barely needs to know the difference between Senator Taft and the C.I.O. to settle down to the evening's orgy, a score-board on his lap, one ear cocked for the rifle fire and the cries of the wounded.

## Roaming Camera

This unholy, but legitimate pleasure of an election night is coming in for drastic reforms, but it has not been taken away. Nobody but fidgety foreign correspondents, and children who have been allowed to stay up, keep score-cards any more. The television screen has flashing cash-registers ringing up the results as they pour in, adding the figures, distributing them according to their meaning for the new Congress. And when you are least expecting it, they whisk you from one clearing to another of the jungle across America. Once again we saw on Tuesday last how weak and impotent is the old-time political reporter—like me, for instance—in an age when, with hardly a second's pause, you can move up to the elbow and look in the confident but glistening eyes of Governor Stevenson, reading his telegram of congratulation, and the next second be in front of General Eisenhower, 1,200 miles away, beaming and incredulous, as he unfolds the Governor's telegram, and reads it to a howling audience. And then back to the news room of the television network, and the camera roaming like a hungry tiger over a wonderful dish of human meat: the cute rows of stenographers with ear-phones on, the terrific rustle of reporters; the walls of score-board, ninety-six little photographs over a mural of the United States Senate. And then, up to the rostrum, and the line of commentators, all of them leaning in to the centre seat, and listening to what they call 'the anchor man', who announces everything as if he were the tribal chief calling the death roll of the civil war that has just ended across darkest America.

And then, in another invisible flash, we are down in Philadelphia, by a handsome, white-haired man, sitting nonchalantly in front of a big bank of knobs and lights and wires. And you think for a moment that they are paying a family tribute to the forgotten man of television, or radio for that matter—the engineer, who sits like a long-distance operator and plugs one image in and then another, and nobody knows his name. But this man is the human keeper of the big brain, an electronic calculator, the new god—the silent, unseen, all-wise automaton, who will preside henceforth over the fate of American elections. His name is Univac.

It is a little confusing to introduce a monster and then have him turn into a room. What we have seen is not him, but his shrine, and in Philadelphia, the shrine of the men who wrote out their declaration of independence with quill pens on paper, now lives the great god Univac. His blood stream and nervous system give only the most innocent signs of life. Look closely, and along a panel shining with rheostats and grids little markers rise and fall. His brain is not to be seen at all, its operations are deeper than the ocean's surge, and in their swiftness make jet planes, even British jet planes, seem like turtles. But from time to time he silently announces a calculation. They say that it would take a team of Einsteins all winter to figure these calculations out but, after a little warning buzz, there is a quick flicker of lights across a dashboard, and lo! Univac has spoken. His keeper at this point is privileged to receive a little card, and from the modest motion of the man's arm, waiting at a slot, you would think he was soon going to read: 'You weigh 187 pounds and are always honest in affairs of the heart; co-

operate more, however, with others in business dealings'. What the keeper actually received, at twenty minutes to nine on Tuesday night, was a little machine-typed score, and it said: 'Eisenhower—438 electoral votes, Stevenson 93'. That was just four votes out of the actual result.

This came out of the stored wisdom of Univac just about forty minutes after the polls had closed, and the television networks started announcing returns. There were just over 2,000,000 very scattered votes in. It was not a record of the score, it was a prediction of the final result. Univac, who is a captive god invented by a business machine company, was excused from all other work several weeks ago. They fed him continuously, with a night operator by his side, an orgy of statistics from past elections. They gave him the returns of the 3,000 counties in this country for every election since 1920; into other cells they poured statistics of the way previous elections had gone at different stages of election night. They fed him horrible casseroles, mixtures of old comparisons between party representation in the Senate, say, with the popular vote of the old presidential winners, and tricky contrasts between the habits of the Electoral College and the voting habits of 100 regions of the United States.

By Tuesday evening, Univac was resting comfortably, and chewing on his cud. But, like all primitive gods, he was wise, and blind, and expressionless. But he was ready; and as soon as the first returns came in, from, I think, scattered returns of seventeen states, Univac began to hum, and figure out his horrible sums. It is possible that he saw the end in sight a minute after the start, but they did not dare nudge him for an answer for forty minutes, and when they saw that little card I quoted, the human attendants went into a panic. After all, the pollsters—who did not dare this time to believe their own surveys, if they had done they would have been right—had said that it would be very close and everything would be in doubt, or what they call 'basic conflict', till the end. So the attending scientists held an emergency meeting, and they decided that Univac was going slowly and relentlessly off his rocker. It is possible, you know, indeed it has been done, to throw these electronic brains into an acute nervous breakdown, just by a little gay mischief with the plugs and lead wires. The attendants decided they must stifle at all costs any public knowledge of Univac's elephantine blunder. They knew that, sooner or later, the proud network would be switching in from New York, impatient for a prediction from Univac. So they had to keep him thinking. They decided that where they had gone wrong was that they had fed him too many statistics too fast, and he was suffering from massive indigestion. So they switched off several banks of feeders, and deprived him of the memory of many years of election returns, and asked him again in an hour or so. And he obliged, just like a pollster, and they thought then that his digestion was back to normal. He said the odds were eight to seven in Eisenhower's favour. 'That's better', they said. Which shows, among other things, that we are today no better prepared than we have ever been for the wisdom of the prophet, the word from on high.

## Record of an Earthquake

But by now the mere humans and their crude little cash registers were showing the unmistakable record of an earthquake, and blushing furiously, Univac's attendants put the old wires in again, and warmed up the memory lobes that they had taken out of the oven. And when Univac got his breath back, they tapped him again, and he said that it was impossible now to figure the odds in favour of Eisenhower, that the chance of Stevenson's winning was many times less than one chance in 100. Three hours later, we all had to bow to the wisdom of Univac, and at half-past one in the morning, Governor Stevenson drove out of the Governor's mansion to the hotel where his sad and exhausted workers waited for him.

I have not gone into the human response to the shock of Tuesday night because, between Univac and the landslide itself, most of us did not have time for delicate feelings: we just held on to our hats and grabbed the nearest tree. The whole of America was struck by San Francisco's earthquake and, at the end of it, it seems that the Democrats



had been lost in the Grand Canyon. But they were not. Among all the problems that General Eisenhower will face—and many of them will feel worse than Univac's load—not least is the strange novelty of a President elected by roughly 7,000,000 of a majority, who finds that he has the House of Representatives barely in his favour and a Senate split even. In Congress you will see that, though Truman and Stevenson were sunk, there will be many, many traces of the forces that created them. And these traces, I believe, will never be obliterated. The New Deal's influence was permanent, and cannot be rubbed out. And many a victorious Republican today, if he could see the projected image of his mind and heart as it was back in 1932, or even 1942, would refuse to recognise himself.

There is one other thing I think I ought to say. We have heard that Europe was stirred at the sight of an unknown man out of Illinois, who brought a gallantry of bearing and a careful eloquence to his campaign, both of which are possibly more familiar in Europe than here. For these reasons, I think, he looked like your man. But I should tell you that a landslide for Eisenhower means that he, too, will be his own man. He knows it, though some of his own party will not know

it, and to their extreme pain, for many months. And let me assure the Stevenson fans who have gathered from bad reporting that reaction is now about to stalk blackly across the American land that the best men of the two parties are not divided on fundamentals, and that when the Republicans see the daily diplomatic bag in Washington which they have not seen for twenty years, they will soon learn that the freedom of movement that you are allowed by a world in revolution is not very much. Also, you should know, I think, it is quite false to say that but for Korea, Governor Stevenson would have made it. It is clear from the vast majority and the places it fell, that nothing could have kept Eisenhower out of the White House: neither another candidate nor a different campaign strategy, nor Mr. Truman staying silent, or anything else would have changed the result.

My own feeling is that it was prosperity, the very thing the Republicans feared, which worked decisively against the Democrats, for it was prosperity that gave to the youngest generation of Democrats, fed up with finagling and corruption in Washington, the security to dare to leave the party and vote Republican. That is to say, to dare to register a protest vote.—*Home Service*

## Feudal Tibet under Chinese Occupation

By H. E. RICHARDSON

I HAVE been reading *The Canterbury Tales* and *Piers Plowman* lately, and it struck me time and again how easily a Tibetan of today could fit into the life of the Middle Ages in England, and how Chaucer's pilgrims would find themselves at home in Lhasa. For there folk still 'long to go on pilgrimages' and manage to combine a sincere intention of acquiring merit at the end of the journey with a determination not to miss the pleasures of a trip to India or to some attractive holy place in Tibet far from the controls and conventions of city life at Lhasa.

On the roads of Tibet you may meet Chaucer's knight in some courtly Tibetan nobleman, his sporting monk in a gay horse-loving lama, the prioress in an elegant nun of good family, and the wife of Bath may be seen in the merry wife of some well-to-do Tibetan trader. And in talking to these travellers you will find treated as commonplaces certain matters on which our scholars of medieval life make learned commentaries. No Tibetan, for example, would take long to discover differences of rank in small details of the dress of the English of the Middle Ages; nor would it have to be explained to him that only the lower orders ride mares—as Chaucer's plowman did. The Tibetan could also tell the scholar in detail which colours and points in a horse are auspicious and which are not. Then, any Lhasa man who has lived in sight of the great prayer masts which protect the four corners of his city could settle down comfortably in the shadow of the giant maypole which stood in Cornhill and gave its name to the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft. The spirit of such tales as the miller's and reeve's would be no surprise to a Tibetan, but he would find English manners rather uncouth for he himself would never tell such stories in the presence of a prioress. He would almost certainly be uneasy about *Piers Plowman's* invective against ecclesiastics and I am sure that most Tibetans would sincerely put forward instances of countervailing good in their religious institutions and would suggest that on his part Langland chose to describe only the abuses of his time.

A comparison of the living medievalism of Tibet with our own Middle Ages could be carried much further and the slight sketch I have attempted is meant only to suggest a picture of a society in which each person knows and accepts his own place. In Tibet that acceptance is strongly reinforced by religion, which shapes, pervades and dominates the life of every Tibetan. The Tibetan peasant is, probably more conservative and docile in such matters than his English counterpart in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and in general he has little complaint against the established order.

Now that old established order and the all-embracing tranquillity of Tibetan feudalism have been brought into contact with the new ideas of Communist China. So far the contact has not been very violent. Tibet lacked the unity which a mature and experienced ruler could have provided, for the Dalai Lama was still a minor. So the Tibetan Government, when faced with the threat of invasion, vacillated between

resistance and conciliation and tried a bit of each. The Tibetan show of resistance was enough to gain some time. It compelled the Chinese to make elaborate preparations for the conquest not so much of the Tibetan army as of Tibetan heights and distances. When the Tibetan borders were invaded and most of the best Tibetan troops were put to flight, a compromise followed. In that way the Chinese gained a hold on the country with smaller forces than they would have needed if they had had to fight their way to Lhasa. Although they are just now proceeding slowly, Tibet, which in the past twenty years moved much closer to India and the outside world, is likely to retire behind one of those curtains which communism draws around its borders.

You may think that Tibet has always been behind a curtain; and it is true that the Tibetans have kept themselves very much to themselves. But that is a matter of history with shades of difference which there is no time to examine now. It must suffice to say that the exclusion of foreigners, as a policy, was part of the design of the Manchu Emperors of China who conquered Tibet for the first time in the eighteenth century and sought to keep it attached, however loosely, to their empire. Since the Chinese Revolution in 1911 the Tibetans had gradually increased their contact with the outside world, and although they did not find much in it to make them seek for closer ties, they could, if they wanted, make their views known outside their own country. Now they are likely to be pulled back sharply behind a sound-proof curtain and their opinions will be expressed for them by propagandists in Peking.

But the new curtain is not yet completely down. The Government of India still have a representative in Lhasa, and I hope that the ostensible good relations between India and China will allow that arrangement to continue, for so long as there are foreign witnesses the Chinese may hesitate to proceed to extremes in Tibet. On the other hand, the Government of India will want to preserve Chinese good will and is likely therefore not to report anything more than diplomatically selected titbits of news.

For a few months very little about Tibet has appeared in the news; and I want to look briefly at the state of the country before it retires still further into obscurity. Since the Chinese invasion began, less than two years ago, some great changes are obvious. Until the middle of 1951, Tibet was in practice an independent country running its own affairs without any foreign interference. There were close and friendly diplomatic and commercial ties with India, and chilly, distant, and guarded relations with China. Now there is a Chinese army of occupation in the country, and the Tibetan Government is controlled by Chinese advisers whose power can be seen in reports of the dismissal of the Chief Minister and the abolition of his office.

There is also news of Russian interest in Tibet, especially in the matter of road construction and in the provision of technical experts. Although there are still Indian representatives in Tibet, it has been admitted in Delhi that their position has changed; and it is clear that



their influence can only be small in face of resident Chinese advisers supported by large armed forces. In commercial affairs, too, the link between Tibet and India has almost been broken. Exports of Tibetan wool to India used to provide supplies of exchange with which Indian textiles, metals, sugar, tobacco and the like were bought. Now it appears that the wool exports and the connected return trade are quickly drying up. This was not primarily due to any action by the Chinese. The United States, which used to buy most of the Tibetan wool through India, cut off those purchases on the ground that Tibet had come under communist domination. This situation played right into the hands of the Chinese, who were able to secure almost complete control of the Tibetan wool market and can now divert Tibetan trade away from India—if they want to do so.

It may be expected that among the important changes in Tibet I should mention the return of the Panchen Rimpochhe, the second religious dignitary in Tibet. A good deal used to be heard about him in the press and usually under Chinese inspiration, and his return always loomed large on the Tibetan horizon. But now that it has taken place it has lost most of its importance. It was useful for the Chinese to have in their hands a pretender to authority in Tibet, whom they could use as an excuse for interference in Tibetan affairs. Now that their pretender has been established they have played their card for most of what it was worth. No one ever claimed that the Panchen Rimpochhe had any right to rule all Tibet; and if the Chinese now were to try to supplant the Dalai Lama by their *protégé*, they would find that the sympathy which went to the Panchen when he could be represented as being deprived of his rights, would now go to the Dalai Lama whose influence is vastly greater.

It is difficult to find out in how many ways the ordinary Tibetan has been affected by the new regime. One thing, however, is clear. The Chinese occupation has upset the economic balance in Tibet and has caused a shortage of food and a steep rise in prices which hit the ordinary landless Tibetan worse than the landowners. This would seem to give communist doctrinaires a good chance of inciting the have-nots against the wealthy ruling class. But this does not seem to have happened yet. When the ordinary people found out that they were worse off under the new regime than they were before, they appealed to their government and asked for the withdrawal of the Chinese troops. It was this that led the Chinese to dismiss the Tibetan Chief Minister, Lukhang-Nga Shape, who was an elder statesman respected for his incorruptibility, his patriotism, and his uncompromising religious devotion. Some relief of the popular distress seems to have been attempted by flying in supplies of



Tibetan farmer and his family in front of their home

rice—presumably to feed the Chinese occupation troops—and there have been ominous reports of large parties of Chinese settlers being sent to Tibet to increase agricultural production. But the old administrative machinery, feudal, aristocratic, hieratic, is still being maintained by the Chinese, and I have lately read reports that parties of important monks and noble officials are being sent to China to see the Chinese way of life.

This may look like an unholy alliance between communism and religious feudalism. No doubt each party has entered into it with the hope of gaining its own ends. The Chinese, on their part, are reported to be making their occupation effective by great road-building and construction of air-strips, so that they may move troops quickly to deal with any disturbance. It seems true that they have considerable numbers of troops in Tibet. But the strength of their position is greatly reinforced by their ability to make use of the authority of the established regime. For in Tibet the word of the government is the word of the Dalai Lama, which is in effect the word of God. No one who knows the Tibetan ruling class would blame them seriously for lending themselves to this sort of situation. They are realists. They could not look to anyone for help and they could not have resisted the Chinese by arms for long. If they had been wiped out or dispersed by a last-ditch stand the invaders would have had to set up an entirely new sort of government, and the old traditions and methods would have been swept away. By the present uneasy compromise, the

old form of government survives, however precariously. But I wonder how long that sort of alliance can survive, and what, on any western calculation, are the chances of a feudal, medieval, agricultural, and nomadic society against the impact of a vigorous and ruthless communism?

There is an obvious absence of social equality in Tibet and obvious material for the attacks of communist propaganda. But the Chinese are facing their problems in Tibet in a different mental atmosphere from that of China. They are conquerors in a foreign land among a people who in general dislike them and whom they have hitherto taken little pains to understand. They are in a poor country, a long way from their own supply bases, and separated from them by the lack of any but primitive communications. And, as I have said, the acceptance of social differences is almost a religious duty in Tibet. I have heard it said that communism took hold of the Chinese mind so rapidly because there was a sort of spiritual vacuum and because, since the disappearance of the emperors, the Chinese people have felt the lack of a central superhuman focus for their loyalty. There is no such vacuum in Tibet. On the contrary, it seems to me that to be completely successful the communists would have to try to create one



Tibetan abbot in ceremonial costume



by undermining and removing the Tibetans' devotion to their religion.

There are, I suppose, two principal methods of doing this: the quick way of violence by which the Russians extinguished Buddhism in Mongolia; or the gradual way of educating the people against their religious teachers. The first method would, I think, be expensive. The Tibetans may have seemed supine in their reactions to the Chinese invasion, but if there is anything that would stir up whole-hearted opposition I should think it would be a direct attack on religion that would do it. If there were no ideological complications about the matter, and if the Chinese were examining the resources of Tibet simply as a question of imperial development, I think they would find out very quickly that the present system can neither feed nor pay even a small army of occupation and that it certainly could not afford to construct and maintain the mechanical communications with China, of whose development we keep hearing in the press.

One reads sometimes about the great hidden wealth of Tibet. I suppose there are stores of gold and silver in the vaults of the monasteries and in the government treasuries, but these resources have been looted by invaders from time to time and at best represent the savings of a small agricultural population with a sprinkling of well-to-do landowners and rich traders. I do not think the hidden wealth would seem very great except in relation to a society of that sort. Tibet could find capital for considerable improvement of its agricultural and pastoral production by irrigation works, fertilisers, improved seed, new breeding stock, tree planting, and the like. But even if deposits of gold or of oil were to be discovered, I doubt whether all the hidden capital in its treasuries would go far towards transforming Tibet into an industrial country. Industries need communications, and to establish communications between Tibet and its neighbours means crossing hundreds of miles of mountains, rivers, marshes, deserts and ravines where now only pack animals go. I cannot see Tibet supporting a modern foreign administration and paying its way for some time to come. If the Chinese Nationalists had conquered the country, they would probably have followed the lead of the Manchu Emperors and tried to keep Tibet under their influence and away from contact with other countries, with the minimum of expense, which would have meant the least possible interference.

But it is less easy to speculate about the plans of the communist regime, especially as it is still uncertain to what extent China and Russia are working in harmony there. I am not going to enter the argument whether Chinese Communists are different from any other brand. It is enough to look at their uncompromising profession of communism, and many aspects of their behaviour in China itself which follow the regular communist pattern. In China they used the landlords at first. The purges and denunciations came later. If they follow a different line in Tibet it will be because they have chosen to do so for practical reasons. But whatever line they follow, whether they continue a policy of gradual development or whether they change over to smash and grab, I think that in order to maintain a really efficient control over Tibet they will have to dig pretty deeply into their own pockets.

### An Administration Capable of Adjustment

In much of what I have said I have necessarily used the political vocabulary—should I say jargon?—of the western world. I should like to end up by what amounts to another look into the Middle Ages and by attempting to bring some of those words into relation with things as they are in Tibet. I mentioned the removal of a Chief Minister and the abolition of his office. Does that call up a picture of a government paralysed and a political party thrown into confusion? In Tibet the Administration, for all its appearance of traditional rigidity, is in fact capable of considerable adjustment. At some times there have been four or more Chief Ministers, at others one, and at others none. The post is just one of several channels by which business reaches the ultimate source of authority—the Dalai Lama.

I spoke of communications, air-strips and the like. In Tibet even the wheel is almost unknown. I mentioned extensive road construction: and the picture which that phrase calls up to my mind out of many similar pictures is of a small group of tousle-headed men, women, and children, with their coarse handwoven dresses stripped to the waist, working some five miles from their little village and perhaps ten miles from the next, shovelling stones off a narrow track on a steep hillside, puffing and grunting, singing and joking. As you ride past they ask you, half laughing, for a tip and politely and humorously accept anything you might give them or turn back to work with a grin if you have nothing

for them. As you go up the steep winding track to the mountain pass you might look down and see, 2,000 or 3,000 feet below you, the little party still scraping away at the stones, and you might hear through the clear dry air their snatches of *fortissimo* song as they work away; knowing that when the special occasion for which they are now clearing a road is past, more stones will be brought down by the feet of passing animals or by winter snow and summer rain. Indeed, when I think of the number and size of the problems which the invader will have to overcome, I am tempted to believe that the essential Tibet will survive although it will have to make some large adjustments to new conditions.

If moderation, patience, common sense and good will were applied to the problems, I am sure Tibet would survive. But that is the crux. Can we expect moderation, patience, common sense and good will towards the placid medieval life of Tibet from confirmed Communists who have already shown themselves active, ruthless and successful elsewhere? He would be a rash man who could give a favourable answer to that. And, so, hope once more is outweighed by doubt; and yet, even without that good will and all the rest, hope will not entirely be denied; for in addition to the isolation of the country—these mountain barriers and vast bare heights, that hard climate and poor soil—there are some other factors—Tibetan character, and religion, Tibetan national spirit and Tibetan religious faith—which, if they have the weight and value I believe they have, could tip the scale the right way, and combine with the physical obstacles to blunt the edge of raw, new political ideas.—*Third Programme*

## The Ordnance Maps

It was not here? It must have been:  
maps would not lie: the place was seen.

Because of it and in its train,  
a nagging sort of loss and gain

would always make the same remark,  
'It had a name'. It was an arc

with distant views, a subtle glow  
from lost invaders and a show

of white and shining space. It meant,  
'Because you never sought content,

this spot was waiting in your mind,  
a place where you could always find

the unattained and good; a land  
of high nostalgic offers and

a time when toughness called out strength  
from you. It had a substance, length

and breadth, a sort of mountain hold  
that lay beyond the realms of gold'.

But was it not the distance where  
the road went forward with an air

of loneliness and something new  
and wonderful, a native hue?

And was it not the wayside hut  
embayed by cherished sun that shut

away the dreary past? It must  
have been no idle dream: nor dust.

And yet it seemed to be the voice  
of dead crusaders fled from choice

and thought itself. It had a name,  
that changeling place: but not the same.

DWIGHT SMITH



# The Origin of 'Androcles and the Lion'

By HESKETH PEARSON

IT may interest those who see the film of 'Androcles and the Lion' when it is shown in this country to hear something about the history of the play, how it came to be written, its first production in the theatre, and how it was received. No one could guess that it might never have seen the light if James Barrie had not first written 'Peter Pan'. We may say that 'Androcles' was inspired by Bernard Shaw's dislike of 'Peter Pan'. He was not the only person who had a poor opinion of Barrie's play. One famous author of the time, Anthony Hope, sat through it grimly and was so sickened by the spectacle of the author's idealised children that on the fall of the curtain he was heard to murmur, 'Oh, for an hour of Herod'.

Another notable contemporary, Max Beerbohm, expressed his feelings in a cartoon, and Shaw referred to this in a talk with me: 'When "Peter Pan" was in its first great vogue', he said, 'Max Beerbohm caricatured Barrie reading it to a circle of elderly people and children. The elderly were beaming with enjoyment; the children were all asleep. I agreed, and wrote "Androcles" to show what a play for children should be like. It should never be childish; nothing offends children more than to play down to them; all the great children's books, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Andersen*, *Arabian Nights*, and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, were written for adults. Like all other plays and tales it should go over the heads of the audience occasionally, because this makes them feel that they are superior people with highbrow tastes'.

Seven years passed before Shaw began what he called 'a pantomime for children of all ages'. 'Peter Pan' was first performed at the end of 1904. Shaw did not start to write 'Androcles' until the end of 1911. In the first week of January 1912, he informed his fellow-dramatist, Arthur Pinero, that he had begun a religious sketch, something like 'The Sign of the Cross'. Parenthetically I may observe that anything less like 'The Sign of the Cross' could scarcely be conceived, since that was an extremely popular melodrama of the time in which religion was treated in an emotional, conventional and distinctly non-Shavian manner. Shaw asked Pinero if he knew an actor who could play the part of a lion with a practicable tail for the Christian Martyr scene in the arena. 'There is', he added, 'a lot of fun in these historical subjects that has never been adequately exploited. Also boundless instruction and edification in an agreeable and amusing form'. Pinero was unable to help, since no animal had ever appeared as a leading character in a play of his own.

Having finished the play, Shaw wrote to Mrs. G. K. Chesterton early in April 1912, asking whether he might call and read it to her husband,

and telling her that it began by being a music-hall sketch, that he could get through it in an hour and a half, and that it was 'perfectly awful in parts'. His intention was, he said, to insult and taunt and stimulate her husband with it: 'It is the sort of thing he could write and ought to write: a religious harlequinade. In fact he could do it better if a sufficient number of pins were stuck into him'. Shaw felt that the play would have the same effect on Chesterton as the pins; but what actually happened was that G. K. C. roared with laughter

over the comic bits and was so much impressed by the serious parts that he was about the only critic to appreciate the religious feeling in the work.

Next Shaw read the play in a Kentish garden to Granville Barker, the famous producer, and to Lillah McCarthy, for whom he had written the part of Lavinia. Then came the question of production, which would be costly because 'Androcles' was too short and another play would have to be done with it. Shaw refused to finance the show. Only once did he back a play of his own, and he mentioned the occasion to me: 'When I asked Lord Howard de Walden to come to the rescue of the Barkers at the Little Theatre, where they needed £1,000, I had to put down half of it myself in common decency'. That was for 'Fanny's First Play', which had been a success, on the strength of which Barker now asked Lord Howard

de Walden to finance 'Androcles'. De Walden agreed, being rich enough not to regret it. Barker took the St. James's Theatre and arranged a somewhat spectacular production, including a revolving stage. 'Howard de Walden got very little fun out of it', Shaw told me, 'as Barker completely ignored him while spending his money like water. Naturally Barker was solely concerned with running the theatre and producing the plays, and had no time for anything else; but Howard, being treated simply as a milch cow, must have been thoroughly fed up'. The actors, however, were ignorant of such matters, and assembled one morning late in July 1913 to hear Barker read the play.

It was a great pity that the author did not read it to the cast instead. Shaw's plays should be declaimed in a flamboyant style, just as Shakespeare's should be. The modern naturalistic method is out of place with them, and Barker had practically introduced this method to the English stage. Such plays as his own or John Galsworthy's were ideally suited to his style of production, but the rhetoric of Shaw or Shakespeare was beyond him. Both as player and producer Barker favoured restraint and under-acting, and by the time he had finished reading the play we wondered whether the sight of a Roman emperor being chased by a lion was going to be comic or tragic. If Shaw had read the play



The author shows how it should be done: Bernard Shaw at a rehearsal of 'Androcles and the Lion', with Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy, at the St. James's Theatre in 1913  
Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection



there would never have been a doubt on the point. He had a marvellous faculty for bringing his characters to life by the sheer exuberance and vitality he put into the business, and by the end of the reading we would all have realised exactly how the play ought to be acted.

As a rule Shaw produced his own plays, but in 1913 the combination of foreign politics in the Fabian Society and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in domestic politics left him no time; so he abandoned 'Androcles' to Barker, who set about the job in the quiet, friendly, informal manner that helped so much to put actors at their ease and give them self-confidence. He was the most intelligent of producers, though one of his methods was a little surprising. He would ask an actor what he knew of the past history of the character he was trying to impersonate. One fellow of my acquaintance could not grasp the object of the question and repeated uncertainly, 'The p-past history?' 'Yes, dear friend, the past history'. 'But surely . . .', began the other. 'Come, come!' interrupted Barker; 'you are not, I hope, going to tell me that the man drops from the skies, ready-made, at the moment you make your first entrance . . . yet no one would guess, from your reading of the part, that you had looked on the world for forty years and had actually seen and suffered things since you were weaned'. Barker then gave an outline of the character's early life, and the actor learnt with growing amazement that the human being he had to portray was fond of poetry, keen on golf, and took salt with his porridge. But of course all this kind of thing was done by Barker in order to make the player take an intelligent interest in his part.

### No 'Scandalised Dignity'

In the case of 'Androcles' Barker was nonplussed, because the only thing that really mattered was to get the lines delivered properly, and he did not appreciate Shaw's rhetorical manner, describing his plays as 'Italian opera'. Shaw's knowledge of acting, founded on Barry Sullivan, Ristori and Salvini, all superhuman stars, resembled Shakespeare's. Barker, twenty years younger, had never seen such acting as theirs, and though he loved Shakespeare he hated Shakespearean actors. The result was that by the time he had finished with it 'Androcles' was no longer an Italian opera but a French one: Debussy instead of Verdi. To give an example from my own part, Metellus, who in the last act checks Lavinia for telling Caesar that the Christians forgive him. Barker had said that I should do it with a kind of 'scandalised dignity'; but when Shaw turned up at the final dress rehearsal, he disagreed. 'Good gracious!' he cried; 'you mustn't behave like an offended patrician. You must treat her as if she had committed sacrilege. Jump at her! Fling yourself between them! Shut her mouth! Assault her!' And that was roughly how he set about the rest of the production, changing gravity to gaiety, pensiveness to playfulness, and clowning his own comedy.

When writing his *Life* I reminded Shaw of his antics at the dress rehearsal of 'Androcles', and received a broadside. 'You jumping idiot!' he exclaimed, using the first word of endearment that entered his head: 'what happened was that you were under-acting in the gentlemanly manner of the fashionable cup-and-saucer school then prevalent. My method of dealing with this was to suggest an outrageously exaggerated reading of the lines in question. The exaggeration was to prevent the actor from simply imitating me. The effort to comply usually got the gentlemanly novice about right. The Tom Robertson cup-and-saucer drawing-room style was as hopeless in my plays as in Shakespeare's. Barker was not cup-and-saucer, but he was fastidious and low-toned, whereas I was blatantly declamatory, short of senseless ranting, which I could not endure. I often had to say "Sing it: make music of it"'.

Shaw's notion that I belonged to the cup-and-saucer school of acting was wide of the mark. I was wholly unaware of the existence of such a school. In fact I had only just gone on the stage, attracted thereto by a love of Shakespeare, whose work I used to declaim in a manner that would have made Shaw beg me to tone it down. I am afraid that my unimpressive Metellus, a part of only half-a-dozen lines, was due to my indifference to Shaw and disappointment over not acting in Shakespeare. I was too much under the influence of Shakespeare in my twenties to appreciate the genius of 'Androcles and the Lion'. Yet in spite of the fact that Shaw could not help guying his own lines at rehearsal, he was very much concerned over the message he wished to convey, and he warned his American agent just before the play was done in New York, 'Be very careful not to start public opinion on the notion that "Androcles" is one of my larks. It will fail unless it is presented as a great religious drama—with leonine relief'. Incidentally

he visited the London Zoo with the actor who played the lion and wanted to study the movements of the beasts before getting to work on his very unleonine part. There was no animal in the least like the friend of Androcles; but Shaw was delighted to be allowed to handle a magnificent maneless lion and to pet a cheetah.

I distinctly recall that the final dress rehearsal of 'Androcles' went on till the early hours of the morning; and when towards the end of his life Shaw told me that he had only altered two important points in Barker's production I remarked: 'Then you took a devil of a time to alter those two points, because we didn't get away from that rehearsal till about three in the morning'.

'I did not keep you up till three in the morning', he protested. 'That was Barker's way. I repeatedly remonstrated with him for it, and declared that the theatre needed a stiff Factory Act to prevent it. No producer who is really doing his work can endure more than two and a half hours at it. But Granville Barker, having been trained as an actor, had no consideration for actors and would waste their time and tire them out ruthlessly, gaining nothing by it. All ex-actors are like that. They mostly hate actors. I never heard Pinero speak well of an actor'.

I replied: 'As I was forced to walk home to St. John's Wood after that rehearsal, while you were taken in your car to Adelphi Terrace, my memory is more to be relied on than yours'.

'It isn't!' he retorted. 'You didn't know my wife. It was Barker who kept you up. I was in bed by eleven'. From our disagreement I can only assume that, after Shaw had knocked the whole thing to pieces and then gone home to bed, Barker must have kept us up and tried to put it together again.

The survivors of the original cast—Lillah McCarthy, Leon Quartermaine, Balfour Holloway, and Allan Jeayes—will I think agree with me that at every performance the play gripped the audience in the serious scenes and sent them into transports of mirth in the pantomime episodes. There is no such perfect tragi-comic stroke in all drama as that in which Ferrovius bemoans his failure in the arena while the Emperor proclaims it a triumph. But those were the days before the dramatic critics had succumbed to 'Saint Joan', and Shaw was to them simply a scuffer, an iconoclast, who could not write a decent play for nuts, which they believed to be his favourite dish. A. B. Walkley in *The Times* said that the Lion was lucky because he was the only character in the whole range of Shavian drama who never talks. The other critics for the most part called the play offensive, cheap, full of schoolboy humour, insulting, nasty, crude, repulsive, blasphemous, a travesty, infantile, cynical, insincere, impudent, an outrage, and so on; and one of them described the author as 'rather like a battleship in the charge of an insane officer discharging its guns in all directions and quite indiscriminately'. Shaw commented on this chorus of abuse: 'I see no prospect of anyone, except myself, kicking the British public into good manners. I shall peg away until the theatre is as silent as the grave'.

'Androcles' was produced on September 1, 1913, and only ran for eight weeks, but Shaw explained to me why. 'Androcles never failed by itself', he said. 'Barker made it an afterpiece to a long and hopelessly bad play tinkered by Clayton Calthrop and himself. It bored the audience and ran up the expenses beyond bearing—two casts and scene plots and costumes—and the programme had to be snatched off and replaced by "The Doctor's Dilemma"'. But on this last point Shaw's memory failed him. 'Androcles' was followed by a ghastly and gloomy affair called 'The Witch', deservedly a complete flop, and Barker saved the situation by starting a repertory season, in which the one play that packed the theatre was 'The Doctor's Dilemma', produced by Shaw.

### 'Androcles' and the Crown Prince

When 'Androcles' was performed in Berlin, shortly after the London production, the then Crown Prince got up and left the house as a protest against what Shaw called the 'very clear and fair exposition of autocratic imperialism given by the Roman captain to his Christian prisoners'. Shaw approved the logic of the Crown Prince, saying that he was glad to find himself so well understood. No one who sees the forthcoming film is likely to walk out for the same reason, unless it is shown in those countries where autocratic imperialism is still going strong.—*Home Service*

Volume III, *The Finish*, of the autobiography of Sir Alfred Munnings (Museum Press, 30s.) is now available.



# How Do Adaptations Occur?

The second of two talks by C. H. WADDINGTON on 'The Evolving Animal'

ONE of the greatest difficulties facing any rational theory of biology—such as Darwin's theory of evolution—has always been that so much of life seems almost too good to be true.

We find animals capable of carrying on an existence and reproducing their kind in circumstances which at first sight seem extraordinarily unsuitable, or by means which suggest that an altogether fantastic ingenuity has been at work. Who would have expected animal life to flourish in the hot waters of volcanic springs, in arctic snowfields, or, like Jonah, within the belly of a whale? And surely only a collaboration between Hieronymus Bosch and Lewis Carroll would have envisaged some of the fish which actually exist in the depths of the sea; fish which dangle a phosphorescent bait from the tips of their snout and, once in a blue moon, catch an unwary prey almost as large as themselves, seizing it by means of an under-jaw which is so designed that it can both snap forward like the thrust of a spear and then gape open much wider than the girth of the animal that bears it.

Even quite ordinary animals, with which everyone is familiar, become awe-inspiring, the more closely one examines them, in the detailed precision with which they seem to be tailor-made to the requirements of their life. What could be better designed for flying than a sea-gull, for swimming than a mackerel, or for burrowing than a mole? The best human engineers would have great difficulty in suggesting any improvements.

## Random Changes?

A satisfactory theory of evolution must give a plausible explanation of how these adaptations have come into being. The present theory bases itself essentially on the idea that new hereditary changes occur spontaneously and at random: that is to say, the hereditary changes, or mutations as they are called, are not guided so as to fit into the environment but can alter the animal in any and every way. If any of these alterations leads to an increase in efficiency which causes the animal to leave more offspring than its fellows, then that mutation will increase in frequency from generation to generation, until the whole species has been carried another step along the evolutionary path. The question is now: can we really find it convincing to suppose that all the exquisitely precise, or all the fantastic and complex adaptations which we find in nature have originated purely by chance?

We can certainly not yet give a full explanation of how evolution has brought into being some of the more fantastic types of animals, and fitted them to live their peculiar lives. But we should, surely, at least hope to be able to understand the main guiding principles which have been at work throughout the whole animal kingdom. Yet there are still some of these for which the orthodox modern explanations do not seem very satisfying. One well-known problem is this: many organs are very complex things, and in order to bring about any improvement in their functioning, it would be necessary to make simultaneous alterations in several different characters. Consider, for instance, the human eye. It has eyelids to protect it; glands which secrete tears which wash and lubricate it; a transparent area of skin, the cornea, through which light enters; a lens which focuses the light; an iris which gives some control over the amount of light allowed to enter; a retina on which the focused image falls. Any chance alteration in one of these would almost certainly do harm to the co-ordination of the whole system, on which its efficient functioning depends. An enlarged iris would let in too much light for the sensitivity of the retina; a thicker lens would give too short a focus for the size of the eyeball, and so on. Any possible improvement on the present state of affairs would require several simultaneous alterations; and that, it might appear, is something which one could not expect to occur under the influence of chance alone.

There have always been, and still are, reputable biologists who feel that such considerations make it doubtful whether random hereditary changes can provide a sufficient basis for evolution. But I believe that the difficulty largely disappears if one remembers that an organ like an eye is not simply a collection of elements, such as a retina, a lens,

an iris, and so on, which are put together and happen to fit. It is something which is gradually formed while the adult animal is developing out of the egg; and as the eye forms, the different parts influence one another. Several people have shown that if by some experimental means the retina and eyeball are made larger than usual, that in itself will cause a larger lens to appear, of at least approximately the appropriate size for vision. There is no reason, therefore, why a chance mutation should not affect the whole organ in a harmonious way; and there is a reasonable possibility that it might improve it. Similar arguments probably apply to very many cases in which the efficiency of an animal or part of it depends on the harmony of many different elements—instances such as the stream-lining of a fish's body, or the span, feathering and musculature of a bird's wings. A random change in a hereditary factor will, in fact, not usually result in an alteration in just one element of the adult animal; it will bring about a shift in some whole developmental system, and may thus alter a complex organ as a whole.

Another difficulty about evolutionary adaptation is connected with the fact—so familiar that one usually does not stop to consider how odd it is—that if the conditions of life impose some demand on an animal, it very often responds by becoming particularly good at doing just what is being required of it. If you use your muscles a lot, they do not waste away, as one might expect, but become larger and you get stronger. If you almost literally earn your living by the sweat of your brow, like an African mineworker, you even become good at sweating. These are, I always think, rather surprising facts; but at the moment let us accept them without attempting any explanation. The point I want to make is that often animals living in some special way have a peculiarity which is just of the kind which could be produced as a response to that particular mode of life; but in the animal habituated to the situation the peculiarity is not directly a response of this kind, but has become hereditarily fixed. For instance, if human skin is continually pressed and rubbed, it becomes thicker; now the skin on the soles of our feet is much thicker than elsewhere on the body; but this thickening is not a direct response to pressure and friction, since it develops in the embryo before birth. The same is true of animals in which similar thickenings occur in more eccentric parts of the body, such as the peculiar parts of its anatomy on which the ostrich chooses to sit, or the wrists of the African wart-hog, which has the habit of kneeling on them while it feeds. It is asked: have the hereditary changes required to produce these peculiar effects turned up purely by chance, and are we really to believe that it is irrelevant that the environment could cause the same sort of things to develop?

## Lamarck and the Inheritance of Acquired Character

That is in fact what the present orthodox theory tells us, and theoretically, if we allow that hereditary mutations occur at random, then eventually anything at all will turn up, including a mutation which exactly anticipates something which would have developed later as a response to the environment. But this seems to me one of the fields in which modern evolutionary theory is too flexible; in providing a system of ideas according to which everything is possible (provided it is useful), it fails to be convincing when confronted with the peculiarities of what has actually occurred. Darwin already knew that the thickening of the skin on the sole of the human foot begins before birth, and posed the question of how this was to be interpreted. Fairly early in his career he tended—but cautiously, for he was a very cautious man—to adopt the simple and at first sight attractive idea that if the environmental agent acts for long enough it will actually cause hereditary changes to occur of a kind which makes the animal better adapted. This suggestion is usually spoken of as Lamarckism, after the French eighteenth-century scientist who strongly supported it. Many people since Darwin have argued in its favour, often much more strongly than Darwin, who more or less abandoned it by the end of his life. The two main difficulties about this idea are, first, that no one has been able to show satisfactory evidence of having made the process work in an experiment; and second, that modern biology does not suggest any



mechanism by which the environment could produce mutations of the appropriate kind. For the last thirty or forty years, therefore, the idea of Lamarckism, or 'the inheritance of acquired character' as it is called, has been fairly generally discredited.

However, there is still the problem of accounting for facts like those about the skin on the soles of the feet; and the explanation in terms of pure chance remains rather thin. The Russian followers of Lysenko have, in fact, preferred to revive Lamarckism in a slightly modified form. They suppose that in certain circumstances the hereditary constitution of an animal or plant may become unstable and that it can then be directly changed by environmental influences, and they suppose that the change will be in the direction required. The catch in such a theory is, of course, the idea that the hereditary constitution must be made unstable before the environment can be effective. Since there is no infallible rule for doing this, it is almost impossible to think of an experiment which would disprove the Russians' theory. The point is, then, whether they can prove it by definite evidence which other scientists can verify. So far most scientists in the western world think that they have failed to do so; and that, on the contrary, Russian scientists have claimed so much that flies in the face of all the evidence collected outside Russia that their whole story looks as though it were based on most uncritical observations.

### Those Who Sunburn Easily

If we call in other aspects of biology to supplement classical genetics in considering cases like the soles of the feet, we shall not, I think, find that modern biological thought is so feeble that we are driven to adopt this unproved and implausible Russian idea. The aspect of the matter which the orthodox theory of random mutations leaves out of account is the developmental system which brings into being the thickened skin or enlarged muscles or whatever it is. When an animal, as we say, 'responds' to its environment by some effect of this kind, that means that the environment has modified the normal course of the animal's development in such a way that the required adaptation appears. An obvious example is that if a person lives in a very sunny climate, he becomes sunburnt—that is to say, develops pigment in the skin which gives him some protection against the sun's ultra-violet rays.

If we have a large population of animals all subjected to a new environmental stress, they would vary somewhat from individual to individual in their hereditary capacity to respond in the best way and to the right degree. Some types of red-haired people, for instance, hardly develop proper sunburn pigmentation at all, while other men, usually with darker skins to begin with, sunburn very easily. Natural selection would pick out those which responded best, and thus the tendency to produce the adaptive response would be strengthened.

But that is not the end of the story. One of the most important characteristics of development, as I see it, is that it tends to become stabilised, or canalised, in such a way that the normal end-result is reached even if the animal has to put up with somewhat abnormal conditions as it is growing up. In fact, mildly abnormal environments do not normally have any noticeable effect on an animal's development. Sunburn is somewhat unusual, in that most people react to even fairly low doses of sunlight. In most cases it requires a fairly strong environmental stimulus to overcome the inherent stability of the animal's developmental system. We still know very little in detail about the processes by which development is brought about, but we must assume that the chemical and physical reactions which gradually transform the fertilised egg into the embryo and then the adult interact with each other in many complicated ways; in some cases one chemical process may stimulate another, for instance by the first producing some substance which is required for the second; in others two processes may slow one another up, by competing for a limited quantity of some essential material. I maintain that it is an observed fact that these inter-reactions are of such a kind that there are only certain sets of processes which are compatible and can take place together. For instance, all the reactions which build up the essential components of a nerve cell can go on in the same place, as they must do when a nerve cell develops. Similarly with the processes which form muscle cells, or any of the other cells in the body. But we do not normally find cells which are part nerve and part muscle; either one set of processes occurs, or the other, but not a mixture of both. The processes of development must have some sort of internal control, such that they have a strong tendency to arrive at one or other of the normal adult types of cells, and once they have started towards a definite goal are not easy to divert from it.

We do not know enough about the processes to be able to say exactly how this control operates, but there are a lot of mechanisms which could provide the basis for it. Engineers have invented many systems which provide internal control for various non-living devices. Automatic steering gear, for ships and aeroplanes, is one of the most obvious examples; and recently the study of devices of this kind has become fashionable under the name of 'cybernetics', a word taken from the Greek for a steersman.

Development, then, shows a strongly cybernetic character. If a population of animals takes up a way of life to which it can adapt itself, natural selection will not only favour those individuals which adapt themselves best, but will tend to stabilise the development so that the optimum response is produced even if the circumstances are not quite usual. But this in effect means that the adaptation will become hereditary; once it is sufficiently stabilised, it will continue to be produced even if the environment changes back to what it was before the adaptation was called for, and it would then appear not to be dependent on the environmental stimulus at all. Thus we can find an explanation of hereditary changes exactly mimicking the effects caused as direct responses, not merely by saying that chance is bound to produce them if we wait long enough, but by appealing to the known tendency of natural selection to stabilise the course of development.

This suggestion does not rest solely on a theoretical argument. It is fairly easy to test experimentally in animals which reproduce rapidly enough for one to run through a fair number of generations in a reasonable time. The geneticist's favourite animal for work of this kind is the fruit fly *Drosophila*. I have made an experiment in which these animals were subjected to a particular environmental stimulus, by heating the pupae at a certain age. Some individuals responded by developing abnormal wings, in which one cross-vein is missing. There is no reason to believe that this would be of value to the animal in nature, but in experiment we can treat it as though it were advantageous and select for breeding only those individuals which show new character. As generation succeeds generation, the proportion of individuals which respond in this way increases; or for that matter it decreases if we select against the response. The important point was this: after a dozen or so generations, animals appeared which lacked the cross-vein even when reared at normal temperature without any special environmental stimulus; and from these a whole race could be bred, in which the absence of the cross-vein was hereditary and independent of the high temperature treatment which had caused it originally. The development into a cross-vein-less wing had been fully stabilised, just as the theory had suggested.

In both the two instances which I have discussed—the evolution of complex organs, and of adaptations which parallel the direct effects of the environment—a consideration of the development of the animal can lead to a theory which is much more definite than that which is content merely to speak of random mutations. Once we draw into the story a consideration of the processes which bring about the development of the individual animal, we can begin to think of a causal system and therefore have a framework within which we can discuss why one character appears during evolution rather than another. We do not have to remain content with the vague theory that anything can happen. The nature of the animal's developmental system restricts the type of change which is possible to it. With this as our guiding principle, and a more concrete and detailed picture of the animal in its environment as another, it seems to me that we can hope to make our understanding of evolution still more satisfactory than it is at present.

—Third Programme

In *The Creation of the Universe* (Macmillan, 21s.) Dr. George Gamow, an astrophysicist who is also an atomic physicist, discusses the origins of galaxies, stars and planets in the light of known nuclear reactions. It is a popular book written in non-technical language. The author deals with the fundamental questions whether the universe had a beginning in time and whether it has an end in space. A supporter of the theory of 'beginning', Dr. Gamow examines and rejects conflicting theories with especial attention to those of Mr. Fred Hoyle. Dr. Gamow has a sort of rival in Mr. V. A. Firsoff. Mr. Firsoff is an astronomer who also writes in popular language for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he does not cast his net so wide or so deep as Dr. Gamow. In *Our Neighbour Worlds* (Hutchinson, 25s.) he modestly confines himself to the solar system. He aims at marrying 'our present astronomical information to the rapidly expanding science of space-flight' and gives 'a few glimpses of its future prospects on a strictly scientific basis'. But space-flight is treated only as an adjunct to astronomy. Both books are elaborately illustrated and have impressive mathematical appendices.



# Genesis of the Earth and Planets

By R. A. LYTTLETON

**F**IRST, perhaps, I should explain how the problem of the origin of the solar system arises scientifically. You might say: 'May not the Earth and solar system have existed for ever, and therefore need no explanation for their creation from some other form?' The answer to this is definitely no, for it has been established beyond any doubt that this cannot be so. In the first place, the sun cannot have gone on pouring forth its flood of radiation for more than a limited time. Again, the degree of decay of the radioactive materials of the Earth itself sets an upper limit to its age of a few thousand million years. And other considerations all point to a definite time when the solar system itself did not exist. So the problem is to discover some natural course of development, consistent with astronomical knowledge, by which the genesis of the solar system can have occurred.

## Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace

Rational attempts at this began about 150 years ago with the famous nebular hypothesis of Laplace. According to this the material now comprising the sun and planets initially had the form of a large disc-like structure concentrated towards its centre and slowly rotating in its own plane. In gradually cooling the disc contracted, its spin became more rapid, and eventually centrifugal force at its edge was great enough to detach the outermost ring of material. This ring then pulled itself together lengthwise and gave rise to a planet moving in a circle round the remainder of the disc. The process was repeated a number of times to give the several planets, until finally the remaining bulk of the material collapsed down to produce the sun at the centre. This theory, which is due to Laplace, has remained a strong influence, though in reality it is no more than a verbal description of a purely conjectural process. The searching tests of dynamics soon disclose fatal defects, but even so the celebrity of its author has led many to accept the hypothesis rather than trouble themselves with intricate mathematical objections, and not till the beginning of the present century were any serious alternative ideas advanced. By then it had come to be suspected that the sun could never have been in the distended state reaching out to the orbit of Neptune that the Laplace hypothesis required, and attention turned to devising means by which material might have been removed directly from a sun very much like the present one.

The idea of some external agency was introduced in the shape of another star passing very near the sun—an extremely rare event in the stellar universe. Similar ideas were later put forward by Jeans, and modified by Jeffreys to meet certain difficulties. Following this a period of quiescence in the development of the subject marked the late nineteen-twenties and -thirties, and in some quarters at least it was confidently felt that the main ideas had been satisfactorily established. But in science this sort of attitude is often the prelude to a revolution, and the great step bringing this about was made by H. N. Russell, of Princeton, in 1935. Russell succeeded in showing that none of the mechanisms proposed for removal of material from the sun could produce planets that moved even as far out as the innermost of the actual planets, Mercury. To create planets as far from the sun as Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which carry almost all the mass, was utterly impossible by any known means.

Naturally enough Russell's demonstration of this caused a considerable stir and offered a fresh challenge to astronomers. The fifteen or so years since then have seen manifold attempts to solve the problem, and to reconsider the available evidence to decide what may constitute a satisfactory solution. The two books that are now before us—*The Planets: their Origin and Development*, by Professor Harold C. Urey of the University of Chicago\*, and *Life on Other Worlds*, by the Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones†—represent two very different contributions to modern literature on the subject.

Professor Urey is a chemist. He devotes his book largely to the question of the composition and state of the various planets and their moons, as one might expect a good chemist would, and thence he goes on to enquire what processes could produce such material in the form it

appears in on the planets. The Astronomer Royal's less technical book is more in the nature of a general survey reporting progress by many workers. It could be read as an introduction to the more recondite studies of Professor Urey. Although partly concerned with the compositions of the planets, it is more concerned with the dynamics of possible processes: that is, with mechanisms whereby the more obvious features of the solar system could have been produced.

This dynamical approach has been the classical line of attack, and not Professor Urey's chemical method. But obviously we cannot regard the problem as satisfactorily solved until both lines have been adequately followed and, moreover, lead to the same answers. However, both astronomers and chemists have some way to go yet. My view at present is that the dynamical arguments are worthy of greater weight. But even so we must be careful not to push them too far. For example, a satisfactory theory must explain not only why the sun rotates comparatively slowly in some twenty-five days, but also why the great planets Jupiter and Saturn, with not very different densities from the sun, rotate fifty times as fast. Again, a theory must explain why the planets move at such great distances from the sun, though it is less certain whether it is necessary to explain why their orbits are so nearly circular and in the same plane, because these features may have come about gradually since the formation of the system: there has been plenty of time for such changes.

But to return to the books themselves and what they have to say: the Astronomer Royal is interested in deciding whether life as we know it exists elsewhere in the universe. To do this he first defines as closely as possible the conditions necessary for life. Clearly, the temperature must be in a fairly narrow range. Again, there must be water, and this in turn needs a suitable atmosphere, which is a matter not only of composition but of the mass and size of the body holding it. Relying on these simple considerations, there is no difficulty in deciding that only bodies of planetary dimensions could provide abodes suitable for life. The stars are ruled out, and so are queer objects like comets: I mention these particularly because the possibility of life on comets was seriously discussed only half a century or so ago. The Astronomer Royal is able definitely to dispose of the four great outer planets. Direct measurements show not only that the visible surfaces are at all times incomparably colder than any Siberian winter, but that they are enveloped by deep oceans of methane and ammonia, which would be inimical to any form of life as we know it.

## Is There Life on Mars?

Coming to the much less massive inner planets, of which the Earth itself is one, the situation looks more hopeful, for there is at least a good chance of the temperature being about right. But Mercury proves too small and too near the sun to retain any appreciable atmosphere, while Venus, though often termed 'the Earth's twin sister', also proves quite unsuitable since, instead of containing water vapour and free oxygen, its atmosphere is found to be mainly carbon-dioxide. This leaves only the planet Mars, and the Astronomer Royal thus comes round to the great question so eagerly debated by bygone generations: Is there life on Mars? Here, the question is nothing like as easy to settle. After discussing the wealth of observational evidence relating to the problem the Astronomer Royal concludes with moderate certainty that some forms of vegetation may exist—possibly only of the most primitive kinds—and by their seasonal changes bring about the varying colorations and distributions of markings that have long been known to occur regularly on the visible surface. But the Astronomer Royal is not prepared to conclude decisively, one way or the other, whether animal life, even in its simplest forms, exists or even could exist.

To come now to Professor Urey's book. Professor Urey is a chemist and he was led to his studies of the planets in a rather unusual way. His original interest was to find how our moon has reached its present strange appearance. When were the craters and mountain ranges on its surface produced, and the vast arid plains that look like seas? Urey

(continued on page 810)

\* Oxford University Press, 30s.

† English University Press, 12s. 6d.



# NEWS DIARY

November 5-11

## Wednesday, November 5

General Eisenhower wins sweeping victory for Republicans in American presidential election. Republicans obtain small majority in House of Representatives

House of Commons resumes debate on address in reply to Speech from the Throne

New Transport Bill is published

## Thursday, November 6

In speech in Commons, Foreign Secretary discusses proposals for ending Korean war

Bill for reorganising iron and steel industry is published

General Eisenhower, U.S. President-elect, starts holiday in Georgia after arranging a meeting with President Truman

## Friday, November 7

Shipbuilding and engineering workers obtain increase in wages

Miners seek increase for men on day-wage rates

Colonial Secretary, speaking in Commons, reviews situation in Kenya

Mr. Stalin is present at military parade in Red Square on thirty-fifth anniversary of October Revolution

## Saturday, November 8

Nine Africans killed and thirty-nine injured in racial riots in Kimberley. Three hundred Africans arrested after a meeting of Kikuyu tribesmen in Kenya

H.M. the Queen expresses wish that local Coronation celebrations should be as simple as possible

## Sunday, November 9

Remembrance services for the dead of two world wars held throughout Commonwealth

Two hundred more tribesmen arrested by police in Kenya

Wafd Party in Egypt reaffirms appointment of its former leader Mustafa el Nahas as party's honorary president

## Monday, November 10

Mr. Trygve Lie resigns post as Secretary-General of the United Nations

Mr. Vyshinsky outlines Russian view on Korean peace terms in speech to U.N. Political Committee

Prime Minister reviews foreign affairs in speech at Lord Mayor's banquet

## Tuesday, November 11

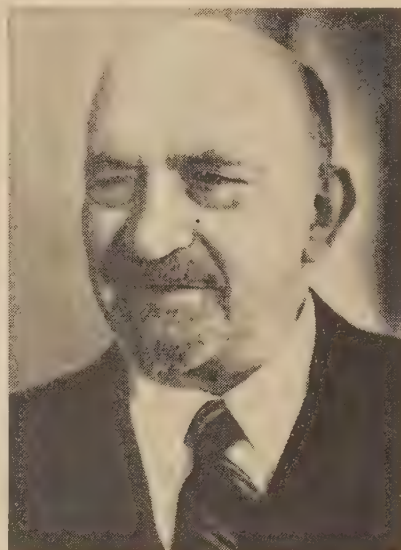
Debate on address in reply to Speech from Throne concludes in Commons

Mr. Herbert Morrison is re-elected deputy leader of Parliamentary Labour Party

Mr. Eden addresses U.N. Political Committee on Korea



The scene in Whitehall during the Remembrance Day ceremony at the Cenotaph on November 9. Her Majesty the Queen is standing with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester before laying her wreath on the memorial. At the remembrance service at Westminster Abbey, guard was mounted at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior by a detachment of the Home Guard



Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of Israel, who died on November 9 aged seventy-seven. Born in Russia, he came to England at the age of thirty and became a British citizen. He played a prominent part in the negotiations leading to the Balfour Declaration in 1917 promising the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews. He later became President of the Zionist World Organisation, and in 1948, when Britain laid down the Palestine Mandate, Dr. Weizmann was elected first President of Israel



Widespread damage was caused by the gales which swept the British Isles Thursday night. This motor-vessel, blown ashore at Greenhithe, was one of many ships torn from their moorings in the Thames







The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited Lloyd's on November 6 and laid the foundation stone of their new building in the City. Her Majesty testing the level of the stone after the ceremony



The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert De la Bère (inset) driving along Cheapside in the traditional procession to the Law Courts on November 10. The procession this year consisted mainly of service detachments



Scene from Act II of Bellini's opera 'Norma' which was performed at Covent Garden last Saturday. The opera has not been heard in London since 1930. Mme. Maria Meneghini Callas, who sang the name part, is seen, centre



Experts putting the final touches to the restoration of 'The Manna Harvest' by Tiepolo. The work, which involved transferring the paint from its original canvas on to a new one, has been carried out at Brescia Cathedral, Italy, under the supervision of Mauro Pelliccioli, who restored Leonardo da Vinci's 'The Last Supper'

Left: one of the prize-winning entries in the National Chrysanthemum Show held at the New Horticultural Hall, London, last week: a Yellow Curry chrysanthemum with 129 blooms



(continued from page 807)

believes that the principles involved in settling such matters are to be found in chemistry, but his studies soon led him on to the larger question of the origin of the moon, and thence to the origin of the Earth and the other planets, and finally to that of the entire solar system. Two main hypotheses have been advanced by selenographers to explain the surface features of the moon. On one hand there is the volcanic hypothesis, which implies that they are a home product, and merely superficial evidence of some deeper internal development. On the other there is the bombardment hypothesis, according to which the surface details are due to the impact of meteoritic bodies ranging in size from some hundreds of miles diameter down to small stones. In recent years the bombardment hypothesis has come to the fore and has found several powerful advocates, notably Ralph Baldwin in America and Dr. T. Gold of the Royal Observatory in this country. And now we find Professor Urey himself independently coming to support their views with his new line of enquiry.

More important for our present discussion, however, are Urey's conclusions about the origin of the solar system. Like several recent cosmogonists, Urey finds himself unable to trace matters back to any earlier stage than an initial system rather akin to the nebula of Laplace. Urey believes that this must have surrounded the primitive sun as a flat disc of dust and ice particles in general rotation in its own plane. By gradual condensation within itself and not at its outer edge—and Urey accounts in detail for the various mechanisms—the planets would gradually grow, and the final stages would see the largest bodies gathering in the smaller ones and take the form of the very bombardment that is required to explain the moon's surface features. Professor Urey is able also to specify in detail the composition of the hypothetical disc at different distances from the sun in order that its development should lead to planets of the right situation and compositions both as to the solid parts and their atmospheres. Whether the conclusions of this remarkable book are correct in all their details, it is too early to say; perhaps not. But the importance of the book, it seems to me, lies more in its insistence on the need for taking into account the chemistry of the solar system.

### Philosophical Defect

Professor Urey is in general agreement with the Astronomer Royal in favouring the view that the initial state of our solar system must have been similar to the disc-like structure imagined long ago by Laplace, but again with the difference that the planets form by internal processes. There is, however, an acute philosophical defect in any such theories in that they provide no explanation for the origin of the disc surrounding the sun. Such structures are not known to occur in the universe. This weakness in the proposed theories seems to me to have resulted from the neglect of the strong evidence recently provided by the theory of stellar evolution, which has much to tell us about the possible evolution of our sun. It is known from several lines of argument that our galaxy is too young for stars such as the sun to contain much in the way of heavy elements, and that over ninety per cent. of its mass must be hydrogen. This alone appears to rule out the possibility of a Laplace-like disc of material forming part of the primitive sun.

For many years now the basic assumption of stellar evolution has been that hydrogen is the primitive element of the universe from which the other elements are all somehow formed. At one time it was conjectured that their generation must take place in ordinary stars, though physicists had always maintained that even though the centres of the stars might be at 20,000,000 degrees, this was nothing like warm enough to produce the heavier elements. Eddington, however, discounted this, and to the physicists' objection that the stars were not hot enough, simply said 'Go and find a hotter place!' This was twenty years ago, but we know today that the physicists were right. So we cannot assume that the heavy elements which make up a substantial part of the planets came from the primitive sun, whatever form it then took. Where present-day researches are concerned the only cosmogonist who has attempted to meet all the principal requirements so far appreciated seems to me to be Fred Hoyle. He also concludes, with Urey and the Astronomer Royal, that the material of the planets must at one time have been in the form of a thin disc, but taking into account considerations of stellar evolution he has suggested a definite origin not only for the disc itself at an appropriate distance from the sun, but, equally important, for its composition.

A really massive star, say ten times the sun, uses up its hydrogen supply in a time short compared with the age of the galaxy, and then

can no longer provide the internal heat energy needed to keep it steady. Within a matter of minutes such a star would collapse down to almost negligible proportions and in so doing become heated up to thousands of millions of degrees. At these fantastic temperatures the generation of all heavy elements can be expected to take place. This catastrophic process, aided by greatly increased rotation of the collapsed star, results in an explosion on an indescribable scale. The star becomes what is known as a super-nova. Huge quantities of material, consisting now of heavy elements, are thrown off into space, there to condense into fine dust. In the Hoyle theory an explosion of this kind provides the source of the material for the planets, but it happened not to the sun itself but to a massive companion star which originally moved out where the great planets now are. As a result of the recoil from the explosion itself, the companion star escaped completely from the sun and left the latter with just a small wisp of ejected heavy elements. At once these would begin to circulate round the sun to form the disc of material.

### A Form of Detection

You may feel inclined to ask: can any of these theories as to what happened thousands of millions of years ago possibly be right? Well, the problem is rather like a form of detection. There is abundant evidence from which we have to decide what we believe to be the important clues. We have to avoid inconsistencies. And we have to theorise always within the framework of the laws of nature. Mistakes can and have been made, but until they are pointed out we can only go on hoping we have not been completely misled. Such possibility apart, much progress has been made in the past fifteen years. The super-nova hypothesis represents the culmination of the preliminary attempts by Jeans and Jeffreys, and others before and since them, and where the considerations brought out by the two present books are concerned, the whole scheme, in my view, meets the greatest number of requirements and provides the most hopeful basis for further progress.

One last point. If the super-nova mechanism, or some similar process is correct, there must exist millions of other planetary systems in the universe. If this is so, then there must exist large numbers of planets on which conditions so nearly resemble those on Earth that life could develop and survive. If this is accepted, then the wheel has indeed swung full circle from Jeans' views of thirty years ago. Then it was thought that the solar system was the product of such a purely chance encounter that it might even be unique. Now ideas suggest that planetary systems may be commonplace, and that suitable abodes for life are distributed abundantly throughout the universe.—*Third Programme*

*The Arts in Great Britain*, being the seventh annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain 1951-1952, is published today (price 2s. 6d.). The report discusses some of the problems with which the Council has been faced and the ways in which it is trying to solve them: 'There are many people', the report says, 'who, while now willing that national or municipal funds should be spent upon an Art Gallery or a Museum, continue to resist the idea of similar support for a Civic Orchestra or Theatre. They accept the first category because it is a species of "education", but they reject the second because it is classified as a province of entertainment'. But the perspective of learning is wider than it was in its older connotation and many find in the concert hall and the theatre a genuine opportunity of further education, and 'the most effective way of persuading a municipality to modify its view of the amenities which deserve a subsidy from the rates is for the passionate minorities to rally to the support of those repertory theatres and music societies which, in so many towns, are developing a high standard in their favourite art'. A good deal of discussion was aroused when the Council asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer for an additional grant for Covent Garden Opera House. The report gives figures showing that if the house is full a performance of Grand Opera costs on the average £540 more than can be taken at the box office. 'If Britain wishes to enjoy the distinction of an opera house of quality and renown, she must face the necessity of paying for it on a scale higher than has hitherto been accepted in this country. At an annual subsidy of £250,000, Covent Garden would still be running more cheaply than any of its counterparts abroad. If the nation cannot afford that kind of figure, Covent Garden must close its doors, for Grand Opera of a metropolitan standard cannot be furnished on less'. The report covers the activities of the Council in the field of art, music, drama, opera and ballet, and poetry. A special section is devoted to Scotland and particulars are given of the Council's finances. The whole question of collective patronage is a thorny one and readers will find much that will interest them in this report.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Race and Recognition

Sir,—We are a mild race and we accept with equanimity the criticism of foreigners about our institutions and customs such as they would not tolerate themselves. I had the temerity to say 'I like Ike' recently to an American, and the resentment and animosity this aroused astounded me.

But when an American makes disparaging remarks about our Constitution compared with his then I think it is time for someone to answer with some asperity. The talk of Miss Ruth Landes, published in THE LISTENER of November 6, will surely arouse the indignation of British people who have a great affection for their unwritten Constitution and, right or wrong, believe it far superior to anything else in relation to our own way of life.

British subjects, coloured or not, who come to these islands may be treated with indifference but we do not pass legislation to remedy this, because it is unnecessary. Miss Landes has completely failed to understand both our way of life and our Constitution. Criticisms such as this germinate grievances among our empire citizens. Little slights become magnified, little disabilities become enormous. Coloured people are received here in as friendly a way as anywhere, and if you want to see equal camaraderie go to our universities.

Our Constitution is something precious and foreigners will never comprehend it. It was Dicey who seized on the ineffable difference, however, when he wrote in his classic work on the subject that the general principles of our Constitution are with us as the result of judicial decisions determining the rights of private persons whereas the rights of individuals in other constitutions result from the principles of the constitution. By including the rights of citizens in a written constitution, countries presuppose that such rights may be suspended. This is incomprehensible to a British person because the constitution emanates from his rights and not vice-versa.

Coloured people are welcomed here under the rule of law and no disability of status attaches to them. It is entirely false to accuse us of giving them a different status just because we do not pass laws to establish their status.

Yours, etc.,

Gidea Park

G. E. ASSINDER

## Past Against Future in Malaya

Sir,—In their understandable indignation Mr. Mark Wardle and Mr. D. T. Bailey have overlooked the distinction I carefully drew between the proposition that the end justifies the means and the proposition that the end justifies any means. It is as obvious to me, as it is to them, that communists will, when they think necessary, act illegally, make prisoners work, or even wage war. It is equally obvious to me, though not, apparently, to Mr. Bailey, that other people, even those whom Mr. Wardle would call civilised, have been doing all those things for a considerably longer time.

Mr. Wardle, indeed, if I may extend his own metaphor, has tried to hit his way out of the difficulty, but has only succeeded in giving the simplest of catches. His 'civilised' men, he says, have standards which they acknowledge to be their aim, whatever their object in view. This reminds me of the eighteenth-century slave trader

who used to hold public worship for his crew on deck, while the rum-intoxicated slaves writhed below. I confess that I am unable to detect any particular virtue in merely acknowledging standards which are so easily abandoned, not only in the loathsome necessities of war, as Mr. Wardle pretends, but in the hardly less loathsome necessities of peace. Nor does he seem to appreciate the extraordinary number of wars which his 'civilised' men have so reluctantly engaged in during the past 150 years.

What neither of your correspondents has managed to show is that communists are indifferent to the sort of means they choose. In spite of Mr. Wardle's complacent assumption, honour and good will are not the exclusive property of his mixed bag of 'civilised' people. They are in fact what Lenin called 'the elementary rules of social life, known for centuries'.

In any society, divided into hostile classes, these rules are frequently broken. Communists break them in order to end the class system; their opponents break them in order to maintain it. Thus the means cannot be judged without reference to the ends. Moreover the ends, to a large extent, determine the means. Those who aim at nothing less than what the Webbs called a new civilisation do not willingly use methods likely to discredit their cause. It is in the struggle to realise these aims that 'good communists' develop the enthusiasm and capacity for self-sacrifice, which are ruefully, but frequently, acknowledged by their opponents.

Finally, if my critics still suppose that they are above judging means in the light of ends, let them reflect on the fact that the Malayan communists who are condemned as bandits today were praised as heroes yesterday, though they are in fact using the same means to achieve the same ends.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

D. M. MACKINNON

Sir,—I regret that attention is being diverted from the issue raised in my first letter and still adumbrated in the title above. It is that in Malaya—and now in Kenya—our Government appears to be departing from the 'rule of law' (For the modern doctrine readers may consult Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*, eighth edition, 1915) and from the principles of 'natural justice'; fundamental elements in the way of life which we still profess to uphold against totalitarian practices. If Mr. Peterson is now unable to answer personally for his broadcast, might I suggest that the Colonial Secretary take my point or arrange for one of his officials to do so?

Lest Mr. MacKinnon accuse me of avoiding his personal challenge, let me say that, if he enquires in quarters to which I shall be happy to direct him, he will find my war-time consistency compares favourably with that of British communists. For the first few weeks they gave spontaneous support to the war, then at the dictate of Moscow opposed it, and subsequently—in compliance with orders from the same source—offered qualified approval. Other correspondents have adequately answered his second point.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow

W. S. CORMACK

Sir,—In the letter from me, which you were kind enough to publish in THE LISTENER of November 6, the word 'resolution' is printed as 'revolution'.

The sentence, as corrected, should therefore read: 'Is there no such thing as a mental resolution followed by such action as proves it to have been made?'—Yours, etc.,

Sevenoaks

D. T. BAILEY

## Planning Without Laughter

Sir,—It is impossible not to admire the brilliance of Mr. Robert Furneaux Jordan, but his highly coloured architectural surveys are too superficial to have any but entertainment value. In his talk entitled 'Planning without Laughter' he refers once again to the garden cities and shows he has no idea of what they represent. I assure him there was plenty of laughter in the planning of both of them. He speaks of 'Quakers, Fabians and the rest', and with the epithet 'Puritan conscience' dismisses them. He does not seem to realise that what he laments in the post-war new towns may be due to insufficient study of the garden cities by the development corporations and the responsible ministry and to ignoring their fundamental ideas. Letchworth and Welwyn Garden City have made the only contributions of any value to modern town-building, but the Le Corbusier obsessed critics will not see it.—Yours, etc.,

Welwyn Garden City

C. B. PURDOM

## Shakespeare's Verse

Sir,—I cannot tell whether your review of Allardyce Nicoll's *Shakespeare* in THE LISTENER of November 6 implies that it is one of his 'lapses' to 'urge that we should retain the Folio lineation in modern editions, so as to preserve Shakespeare's deliberate irregularities', or whether the lapse is only that of giving as example a passage from 'Macbeth' which is (to the reviewer's eye) 'not above suspicion'. May I therefore ask for a clarification of the reviewer's intention in this paragraph?

As a provocative or stimulant, I remark that if the Folio ('Tragedies', F.137a) is consulted, a reviewer will find that it is a lapse to say that 'all the irregular lines correspond with the presence of stage directions'. Consider only the last two, printed thus:

Wake Duncan with thy knocking:

I would thou could'st.

Exeunt

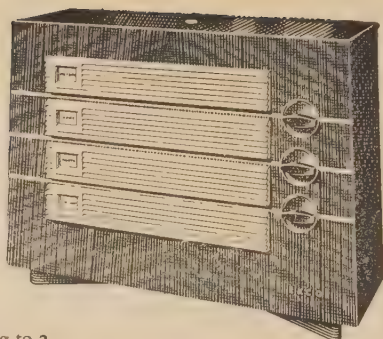
Here the stage direction does not (like 'Knocke') in any way interrupt the line that Rowe, or Pope—or the 'modern' editors all prefer; yet the spilt is made—and its rhetorical efficacy is surely obvious? Again, there is no stage direction in these lines above:

I heare a knocking at the South entry  
Retire we to our Chamber:

Since the rest of this scene has every appearance of having been carefully printed, I cannot see why Pope's arrangement should be so uniformly preferred: particularly since the regularised verses which we read in our modern editions leave no 'space' whatever for either the knocking or the listening. These, in this passage, were (to Shakespeare) as much a part of his communication—and of his verse, therefore,—as the printed, spoken words. Even in this debatable passage (for which Dover Wilson has advanced a hypothesis of unusual unconvincingness, and totally different from your reviewer's) I contend that we err less by keeping to the Folio than by sending ourselves—or Shakespeare



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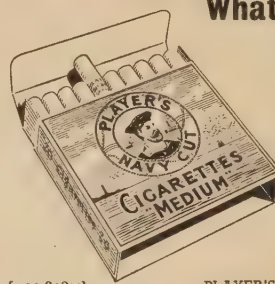
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Should your reviewer be tempted to follow McKerrow's ghost too trustingly, and offer the explanation that the compositor, no one else, split the line 'Hath left you unattended. Hearke, more knocking' because it was too long to squeeze into the Folio column, let me anticipate that argument by calling his attention to 'Tragedies', F.340b and F.343b. In both places he will find a line which shows that the compositor could get in not only the 'Wake Duncan . . .' passage (cited above) but the whole of 'Hath left you unattended. *Knocke*. Hearke, more knocking'—i.e., stage-direction and all. There is even room for brackets about *Knocke*, if one wants them. I agree that Nicoll might have chosen a more simple example (e.g., 'Comedies', F.701, Isabella's third speech to Angelo, where the splitting is seen to be typographically needless by merely examining the rest of the same column); but I still suggest that the 'Macbeth' lines give the actors, and the reader, more of the strained and tortured Stimmung of the scene than they can get from any post-Pope copy but G. B. Harrison's 'Penguin'. I trust, therefore, that your reviewer's 'No doubt we should' (retain the F. lineation, etc.) was meant as a much firmer contention than its context made it appear.

Yours, etc.,  
A. P. ROSSITER

Cambridge

### An Un-English Activity?

Sir,—You have done a great service to the cause of art education in this country in publishing the two admirable talks by Professors Pevsner and Waterhouse. There is, however, one point, and it seems to me a very important one, which has not been mentioned by either of them: if art history were to become a subject which could be read for a degree at other universities besides London, it could also become a regular school subject.

I long ago forgot what little chemistry I ever knew, and for twenty-five years have suffered no inconvenience and little sense of deprivation from my ignorance of it. Yet chemistry is a routine schools subject, whereas the study of art, which in some of its aspects, notably architecture and the design of everyday objects, touches life far more closely than many of the subjects at present taught in schools, remains outside the curriculum. Ask a schoolmaster whether he thinks this sensible, and he is almost certain to reply: 'No, but, you see, we are tied by the requirements of the universities'.

There can be no doubt, I think, that if the universities were to give the study of art history their full recognition, many of our schools would be only too glad to follow suit, and would require that at least one member of their staff should have carried the study of the art of the past to degree level. Thereby, too, a valuable and necessary link would be forged between history, literature, and geography on the one hand and art itself, that Cinderella of the school curriculum, on the other.

Yours, etc.,  
ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

### 'A Correct Compassion'

Sir,—Allow me, before the wolves tear me to pieces, to climb a little higher—though they may say that I am fractionally climbing down, and even quote lines from my own poems to show that I, also, have gone astray.

I have formulated a law, a rule of assonance, but all seeming-unbreakable laws, both in the moral and aesthetic world, may occasionally be broken, so that the Victorians used to speak of 'the exception that proves the rule'. Hardly had I posted my letter to THE LISTENER when I

found myself repeating Swinburne's sonorous lines:

The sea is awake, and the sound of the song of  
the joy of her waking is rolled  
From afar to the star that recedes, from anear  
to the wastes of the wild wide shore.

I have always admired the melodious effect of the shoulder-rubbing 'wild' and 'wide', but, I think, few other poets could have achieved that miracle, for here are two assonance-coinciding words beginning with the same consonant (and I suppose that 'w' really is a consonant) and their oral rightness can only be explained by the long dragging melody of the preceding combination of words and something very visual bestowed in their connotation.

But the distortion of assonance in the two lines of James Kirkup's new book, *A Correct Compassion and Other Poems*, cannot be defended on any grounds, because the words 'done' and 'dumb' are too-nearly the same in sound while not at all the same in meaning.

In my illustrations of good assonance I quoted from a contemporary poet, Phoebe Hesketh, but owing to my captious handwriting the line got misprinted ('shy' for 'sky'). It should have been:

On sky-sown daisies graze.

Her new book, *No Time for Cowards*, yields the most numerous examples of fine assonance I know from any new poet of recent years. From a score take, for instance:

There is no ease for him here  
Where the restless leaves, turning hand over hand  
Grieve in the sobbing wind, for spring has gone  
Green-heeled over the hill.

You have so much of it there, even to the slight defect caused by the too-close proximity of 'grieve' to the melodious 'green-heeled'; for, as I have pointed out, it is dangerous to use consonantal alliteration in the same words with vowel alliteration—which, perhaps, is the right term for coinciding assonance.

As regards the letter of the poet, Robert Conquest, I wish he were as reliable as he is courteous. At least half the number of the examples he quotes against me seem to prove my law. I think Coleridge's 'breeze did breathe' is very bad—a real dissonance. Keats' 'horseman, hawk, and hound' falls to pieces by the side of the effective 'his hawk and his hound and his lady fair'. Questionable, too, is Eliot's 'the walker, the water-thrush'. Shelley's 'I faint! I fail!' is not as good as 'I faint! I fall!', the word 'fail' manifestly used to rhyme with 'pale' (although in the lyric it precedes it). Good examples are few and far between, the best poets tending to avoid the double parallel.

As to your other correspondent, Mr. Kingsley Amis, he rushes in ponderously where angels and philologists tread gently. The Elizabethan pronunciation was often very different from ours, and most of his examples from Spenser seem to me doubtful. Take, for instance, the line:

And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde.

The word 'mylde' was probably pronounced short (to rhyme with 'spill'd') and that way it certainly improves the melody of the line. But then, Spenser was not always a perfect melodist, as Mr. Kingsley Amis will discover if he tries to read further than the first sixty lines of 'The Faerie Queene'.—Yours, etc.,

St. Albans HERBERT PALMER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### Margaret Cavendish

Sir,—May I make a small correction in the interesting article on 'The "Fantastical" Margaret Cavendish' by Douglas Grant in THE LISTENER of October 30?

He describes her as standing (in the frontispiece engraving published with the article) 'between the supporting figures of Mars and Apollo'. A glance will show that the left-hand figure is female, and it is undoubtedly that of Pallas Athene (the Roman Minerva) complete with her aegis adorned with the Medusa's head. Pallas Athene in her character of goddess of war and wisdom, of reflection, poetry, etc., is a natural, if flattering, symbol in connection with a woman of Margaret Cavendish's aptitudes.

Yours, etc.,  
EILEEN GOODER

Coventry

## Emergency in Kenya

(continued from page 795)

puts the figure at 100,000, but that, too, is a shot in the dark.

Officials here say that since the state of emergency was proclaimed they have succeeded in arresting many of the Mau Mau leaders, including Jomo Kenyatta, the president of an African organisation called the Kenya African Union, which for the past eight years has been pressing for certain reforms—more land and better housing and higher pay for Africans, more representation for Africans in the colony's legislative council, and other things. The Government, though, is very careful to explain that Kenyatta and a number of other Africans have been detained, not because of their connection with the Kenya African Union, a lawful body, but because of their connection with unlawful Mau Mau.

It seems that the members of the Mau Mau regard Kenyatta as their leader because one of the oaths they take is to follow him wherever he is, if he is arrested, and free him—something that they have not yet tried to do. But there are undoubtedly other Mau Mau leaders at large, since the police are still looking for a number of Africans wanted for subversive activities. Mau Mau ceremonies are still taking place, and, though in Nairobi serious crime has been stamped out during the past week or two murder of the kind associated with Mau Mau has been committed up country, even since the state of emergency came into force.

There are, as I have tried to suggest, a number of unanswered questions about Mau Mau. Why did it suddenly become active this year? Is it inspired or helped by groups or individuals outside Kenya? How far, if at all, does it reflect the emergence of a Kikuyu nationalism of the kind that has appeared, for example, in the Gold Coast—which is admittedly more advanced than Kenya, because West Africa has been in contact with the Europeans so much longer. Another question: is Mau Mau able to flourish because the Kikuyu have a sense of grievance, real or imaginary? Is it perhaps that the Kikuyu find the primitive associations of Mau Mau attractive because their collision with the west has been too sharp and too bewildering so that they have reverted, with a feeling of release, almost to a comfortable archaism.

These are questions with which the Government of Kenya are deeply concerned. The Royal Commission that is coming to East Africa will obviously get to the bottom of a number of economic and social problems here, but that will take time. Meanwhile, the immediate task is to restore law and order; that task is being carried out by a determined administration which has a good police force behind it, a military force equivalent to six battalions, and the virtually limitless powers implied in the words 'emergency regulations'. When law and order have been restored, then and only then, will the authorities be able to concentrate on constructive reforms.—Home Service



# The Noble Savage

By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

THE first Englishman to land in Australia was a buccaneer—William Dampier. He was not impressed. The aborigines, he says, are 'the miserablest people in the world. The Hoddadods of Monomatapia, though a nasty people, are gentlemen to these. They have great bottle-noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths. They are long visaged and of a very displeasing aspect'. But the next Englishman to visit Australia nearly 100 years later was of an altogether different opinion. According to Captain Cook, these savages may appear to be 'the most wretched people upon earth, but in reality they are far more happy than we Europeans, being wholly unacquainted not only with the superfluous but with the necessary conveniences so much sought after in Europe: they are happy in not knowing the use of them'. The savage is happy: the civilised man is not. Such, in brief, is the consensus of opinion in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

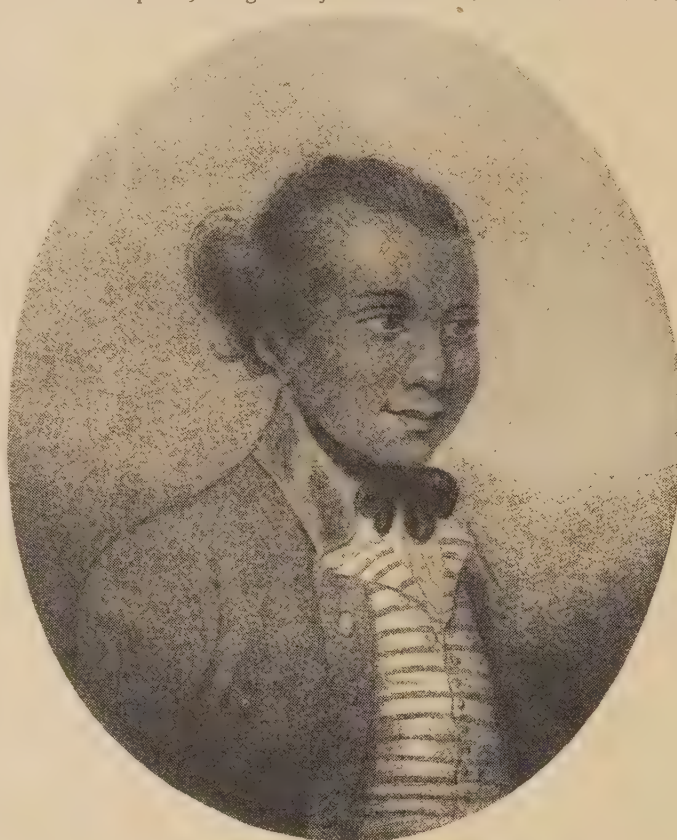
Since the comments I have quoted are fairly representative of their times, it is clear that something of a revolution has occurred in the attitude adopted by western civilisation towards more primitive peoples. Cook himself was far from romantic in temperament and if he could, on occasion, express the contemporary view, how much more enthusiastic were the dreamers at home who were now told that Rousseau's theories were true after all. If the famous *Discourse on Inequality* did not originate the myth of the Noble Savage it certainly gave it much wider currency than it had enjoyed hitherto. And now, soon after he published the book, the new discoveries made by Bougainville and Cook in the South Seas seemed to provide unimpeachable evidence that he was right in his surmises.

Curiously little attention has been paid to the influence of such ideals or myths as that of the Noble Savage in moulding the manners and cultures of different epochs. The instinct of imitation, so deep rooted in man, has always expressed itself in the idealisation of types which symbolise contemporary aspirations. Thus, in the latter Middle Ages, the vague ideals of chivalry were incarnated in a Lancelot, a Percival, or some other proliferation of the Arthurian legend. Similarly, the scholars of the renaissance created their own image of the wisdom of antiquity in such figures as Cicero and Seneca. The seventeenth-century Puritan prided himself on his Old Testament ancestry, happily identifying his enemies with the Philistines. In the same way the Noble Savage satisfied the deep discontent with the conventions of civilisation which so many people in France and England experienced towards the end of the eighteenth century. Those early romantics felt that the secret of happiness had somehow escaped them, and they thought they had rediscovered it among the primitive inhabitants of America and Polynesia. Have we not seen something of the same sort in our own day, in D. H. Lawrence's cult of the noble Mexican and the virile gamekeeper, a cult which became fashionable in exactly the same circles as those which adopted the gospel according to Jean-Jacques?

The illusion of 'Nature's Simple Plan', as it was sometimes called, is a variant of the old pastoral convention. After two centuries of boring imitations of the shepherds of Theocritus men turned in the eighteenth century towards the less sterile fiction of a Utopia peopled by noble savages. Originally America provided the scene. Thus we find Montaigne, for instance, in his essay on cannibals, mourning 'the unpolluted and harmless world' which existed there before the Europeans arrived. But in his day the mood of Europe was expansionist and self-confident. The virtues of the savage did not appeal to men whose ideals were still coloured by the crusades. By the middle of the

eighteenth century, however, the intellectual climate had changed. Politically, the imperial theme still resounded with Britain and France contending on a world-wide scale for colonial supremacy. But, intellectually, doubts about imperialism kept creeping in. 'France can be happy without Quebec', cried Voltaire after the struggle had been decided in America. And so, for all those who shared the self-critical mood of the age of enlightenment, all those who rebelled against the artificialities of European manners and the pretensions of European imperialism, the myth of the Noble Savage provided a fresh and satisfying illusion. You can see him in the philosophic Cherokee which Benjamin West put into his picture of the death of Wolfe at Quebec, and you can trace him through the lyrical splendours of Chateaubriand down to the last of the Mohicans.

But the savage was not only a pleasant dream for poets and novelists: he was also a valuable recruit for those revolutionary political thinkers who were attacking the existing state of things. The contrast between his innocent happiness and the decadence of the *ancien régime* was most damaging. Diderot and his colleagues found him very useful as a foil in their attack on priests and courtiers. Indeed, the article on savages in the Encyclopaedia was so subversive



Prince Lee Boo of the Pelew Islands, the 'Noble Savage' whose grave is in Rotherhithe churchyard: an engraving by Miss Georgiana Jane Keate in the National Maritime Museum

that it had to be omitted from the Paris edition.

But was he only a poetic myth, a figment of the philosopher's imagination? As I have already suggested, the point about the voyages round the world made by Bougainville and Cook was that they transformed a myth into a reality. Even if the simple mode of life of the Australian aborigines seemed to be carrying the point a bit far, the inhabitants of Tahiti and the Friendly Isles did really seem to live up to the ideals expected of the Noble Savage. It was in this way that the Polynesian came to replace the American in popular esteem.

The voyagers themselves were fairly realistic in their approach to these new scenes. Cook, at least, regarded the natives as amiable children—rather feckless, perhaps, and, unfortunately, prodigious expert thieves. But he was a self-educated man and a professional seaman, whereas the minds of the artists and scientists who sailed with him were conditioned—distorted, if you like—by a thorough classical education and a great deal of fashionable philosophising. They were compelled to see Tahiti through the rose-tinted spectacles provided



by the age of enlightenment because they prided themselves on being men of taste.

The consequence is a fascinating confusion of the classical ideal with the contemporary myth of the Noble Savage. You have only to read their journals or look at their pictures to see how easily the Polynesian is 'classicalised'—if that is the word. The old men have the air of Roman senators. The young have about them the aura of a Greek pastoral romance. The nicknames bestowed on them are invariably classical—Ajax, Hercules, Lycurgus, and the like. To Count Louis Antoine de Bougainville, Tahiti is, for obvious reasons, the Land of Venus, *La Nouvelle Cythère*. When Zoffany paints the death of Captain Cook he shows the Hawaiian assassin standing like the Discobolos over the prostrate body of the captain, which itself suggests the pose of the dying gladiator. When Reynolds paints Omai, the only Noble Savage to reach our shores from Tahiti, he dresses him up to look like an Arabian prince and poses him like the Apollo Belvedere.

### 'The Child is Happier than the Man'

The impact made by Cook's voyages was all the stronger because the man who edited the journal of his first voyage for publication was Dr. Hawkesworth, a successful journalist and a devotee of this romantic cult. These people, Hawkesworth declared, 'are brave, open, candid, without suspicion or treachery, cruelty, or revenge. They have a knowledge of right and wrong from the mere dictates of natural conscience. . . . We must admit', he adds, anticipating Wordsworth, 'that the child is happier than the man'. That expresses exactly what the French philosophers were saying about the state of nature. The pessimism expressed in Hobbes' famous saying that in the primitive state 'the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short' was being contradicted by the argument that man is good and it is the fault of civilisation if he is so no longer. The traditional doctrine of original sin was thrown overboard. Ethics, it was argued, must be divorced from metaphysics if we are to regain our lost innocence and the happy state of moral anarchism which prevailed at Tahiti. There, love was just a physical appetite without any of the emotional complications attendant upon it in European circles. There, the inhabitants felt none of those pangs of conscience which the inhibitions of our more restricted culture produce.

It is doubtful if anyone really preferred life on a South Sea island to life at Versailles, but it was the fashion to talk as if one did. It became possible, as Madame d'Epinay tells us in her memoirs, for even a nobleman who was obviously a beneficiary of the *ancien régime* to raise his glass to toast 'the return to Nature and the morals of Tahiti'. That was the pose, common enough in England as well as France, which Canning satirised in the *Anti-Jacobin*:

O learn what Nature's genial laws decree,  
What Otaheite is, let Britain be!

Boswell's opinions are as good a thermometer of polite taste as anyone's, and we all know how enthusiastically he entertained these romantic notions. But he could never persuade Johnson about the superior happiness of the primitive state. 'Sir, there can be nothing more false. . . . Don't cant in defence of savages. . . . Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any fellow who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years'.

Rousseau's collaborator was Diderot the Encyclopaedist. The latter's reactions to Bougainville's account of Tahiti epitomise the views of all those who were engaged in undermining the moral and political structure of eighteenth-century civilisation. In a remarkable dialogue (which he pretended was a supplement to Bougainville's journal) he accused his countryman of acting the part of the serpent in this new Eden. He makes an old islander beg him to go away and leave the natives in peace. Otherwise such men as he will return with a cross in one hand and a gun in the other to enslave their bodies and poison their minds. For civilisation, according to Diderot, was indeed a sort of poison injected into the mind of natural man, thereby creating a civil war within ourselves which lasts all our lives. Natural man is at odds with artificial man, and the best description of the unhappy product was, in the words of his friend Buffon, *Homo Duplex*. The super-ego, as we might call it today, was in fact the cause of all our unhappiness.

Diderot's dialogue seems to have been regarded as such a bombshell to contemporary morality that it was not printed till 1796—more than twenty years after it was written. That same year an event occurred which heralded another revolution in the attitude of the west towards primitive peoples: the sailing of the first missionary ship to the Pacific

on behalf of the newly formed London Missionary Society. Other societies for the propagation of the gospel had been formed earlier, but the times were not propitious. Now, European civilisation was moving over to the offensive again. It was recapturing the mood which prevailed in the early days of the Spanish empire. In the course of the next century missionaries and traders—to be followed belatedly by political imperialists—transformed Polynesia into exactly what Diderot's old islander had foretold.

The clergyman responsible for the sailing of the missionary ship *Duff* was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, the well-known Methodist. A study of Cook's voyages inspired him to set in motion the vast energies of the Evangelical movement. He was particularly shocked that no attempt had been made to convert Omai when he was in London. When the next Noble Savage visited the capital—Prince Lee Boo from the Pelew Islands—his salvation was properly attended to. Unfortunately, the poor boy died of smallpox: you will find his grave in Rotherhithe churchyard.

What happened in the course of the next half century was that the myth of the Noble Savage was replaced by that of the ignoble savage—the fuzzy-wuzzy, the cannibal, the poor benighted heathen. 'Yet untutored offspring of fallen nature, how are you to be pitied!' That is the way the Evangelical apostrophises this equally mythical specimen of humanity. The new attitude reflects the self-confidence with which Evangelical Christianity and the Catholic revival inspired Europe. And, of course, the Industrial Revolution produced another demonstration that the west possessed the secrets of power and happiness. This renewed sense of superiority is admirably expressed in the original version of Bishop Heber's famous missionary hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains':

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile . . .  
The savage in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

If you compare that with some typical lines inspired by Cook's description of Tahiti fifty years earlier you can see for yourself the change that has come about:

For them the Cocoa yields its milky flood  
To slake their thirst, and feed their temp'rate blood  
Their evening hours successive Sports prolong,  
The wanton Dance, the love-inspiring Song.  
Impetuous Wishes no Concealment know,  
As the Heart prompts the melting Numbers flow.  
No boding Presage haunts them through the night,  
No Cares revive with early dawn of light.  
Each happy Day glides thoughtless as the last,  
Unknown the Future, unrecalled the Past.

At the time that was written, the secret of happiness was either to escape into a terrestrial paradise isolated from the decadence of Europe, or, at home, a revolution. To the eighteenth-century author of those lines it is obvious that man is by no means vile, nor his estate in any way fallen. In the nineteenth century, however, the secret is 'salvation'. Professor Latourette, in his monumental history of the expansion of Christianity, rightly calls it the 'Great Century,' because it witnessed a revival of missionary zeal far transcending that of earlier empires. Alongside this new-found religious conviction you get the formulation of the idea of progress. The resulting attitude towards less favoured peoples therefore becomes one of complacency and superiority.

### Protests from Paradise

There did remain some who were less sure of Europe's civilising mission, and so they continued to lift their voices in protest from the island paradises in the South Seas—Hermann Melville, Pierre Loti, Gauguin, Stevenson. But eccentrics like these, who refused to be convinced that Europe possessed the secret of happiness, no longer represented the orthodox point of view, or even the fashionable one. And now, of course, the climate does not favour the growth of such a sensitive plant as the Noble Savage. A pity, for more sinister myths have now taken the place of that comfortable illusion—Nature's Simple Plan.—*Third Programme*



## Art

# On the 'Reading' of Pictures

By GERARD J. R. FRANKL

SOME time ago, on the occasion of an exhibition of modern paintings from private collections, one of the owners exhibited a near-abstract painting 'the wrong way up', or, precisely, turned round ninety degrees. He argued that since the picture was abstract, it did not really matter which way it was hung; that an abstract painting was independent of a 'right way'. The author of the painting and others were not convinced. A few controversial letters appeared in the daily press and it might still be interesting to examine some arguments applicable not only to that particular picture.

In a letter to Emile Schuffenecker written in 1885 Gauguin said: 'We say: lines to the right advance; those to the left, retreat. The right hand strikes, the left defends'. In 1925, and without knowing Gauguin's letter, the Austrian painter Faistauer wrote: 'The spectator is accustomed to read a picture from left to right just as he reads writing. Instinctively or consciously the old masters put the entrance gate to their pictures into the left-hand bottom corner . . . The painter should take (these) feelings of his spectators into account if he wishes to be more easily understood'. Later again, and without knowing either Gauguin's or Faistauer's observations, Woelfflin, in 1928, wrote about 'Right and Left in Pictures', and made the following notes:

Paintings cannot be reversed: any reversed slide shows that. Not only because right hands become left hands but for deeper reasons. Diagonals coming from the left are interpreted as ascending, and vice-versa. 'It is certain that the right part of a picture has a different mood (*Stimmungswert*) from the left part. The right part decides the mood of a picture; there the last word is spoken'.

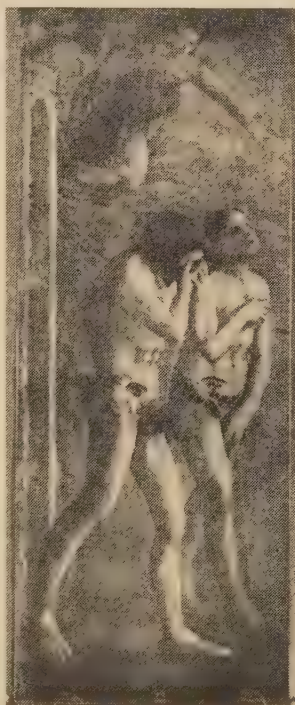
Woelfflin goes on to say that artists were conscious of these effects already before the seventeenth century, and he mentions Dürer. He also noticed 'the habit of starting on the left with an overlapping form while the forms on the right are more complete'. He ends his short article by saying that these phenomena remain to be explained, and that they have obviously roots reaching down to the deep layers of sensual perception. Gauguin, Faistauer, and Woelfflin, therefore arrived at three main observations: pictures are 'read' from left to right; in consequence, lines which come from the left are interpreted as progressing and ascending, while lines which come from the right are experienced as retreating and descending; paintings seem to 'begin' on the left with fragmentary objects or figures, while more complete figures are found on the right where the 'last word is spoken': the right-hand part deciding the mood of the picture.

It is tempting to apply these observations to pictorial content and composition. Woelfflin touched on this problem: 'One could think that our art—just like our writing—would always have the tendency to show an objective movement (marching soldiers, running horses) from left to right. But it is not so. One thing is certain: that the right part of a picture has a different mood from the left part'. So Woelfflin left an important question open; one which concerns the mechanics of all

painting and of our perception of it: the question 'when are figures represented as moving from left to right and vice-versa? When do the soldiers march from left to right, and the horses run in this sense? When do they not?' It seems to me that there is an answer which is borne out by statistics, and this answer would be: the compositional movement is from left to right if the destination of the movement, its goal, is either shown in the picture, or if it is iconographically obvious:



Above, 'St. Peter's Shadow Healing the Cripples'; below, 'The Expulsion from Paradise', both by Masaccio, in Florence



To the first category belong, for example, pictures which represent scenes of surrender: Velasquez's 'Surrender of Breda', or Veronese's 'The Family of Darius before Alexander' (National Gallery); also Titian's 'Vendramin Family' (N.G.). Quite generally the past is felt to be on the left, and the future on the right. Even left-handed persons will point to the right when asked: where is tomorrow as opposed to today? The second group of paintings, those which represent a movement the goal and meaning of which are iconographically obvious to the spectator—or were at least while Christian iconography was still a language—embraces the scenes of Expulsion from Paradise, Flight into Egypt, Journey of the Magi, Entry into Jerusalem, etc. It is always our eye which pushes the figures towards their destination and therefore even violent movement from left to right can be expressed with quiet gestures: in Masaccio's 'Expulsion' the angel merely lifts a finger; it is our 'reading movement' from left to right which expels Adam and Eve. In such pictures it is the absence of strong framing verticals on the right which contributes to our feeling that the figures move into infinity or uncertainty. Con-

versely, pictures which represent movement which does not lead 'anywhere in particular'—purely compositional movement—will depict it as coming from the right to the left. Then our eye meets the movement; it is slowed down, and intensive effects are achieved. Examples would be Masaccio's 'St. Peter's Shadow Healing the Cripples', or Picasso's 'Guernica'. Lack of space prevents me from considering those many paintings which are open on the right without belonging to the 'Expulsion' type: for example, landscapes; but it seems that here, too, statistics reveal certain universal characteristics.

To come back where we started, namely, the question whether near-abstract or abstract paintings are independent of the way in which they are shown: it would seem that they are not because our eye, whether we are artists or spectators, expects more 'definition' on the right-hand side of a picture; there it demands a conclusion, and even a preparation for the frame which marks the end of the pictorial development, just as we find 'false ends' in a sonata or symphony: false ends which prepare us for the real end. (Giotto's frescoes are wonderful examples of this 'technique'; there, overlapping and fragmentary figures appear invariably on the left, while we find complete and monumental figures on the right.) Mr. Gear's picture—the one I was alluding to—showed this universal 'rule' of greater definition and stronger accent on the right very markedly, and could therefore not be turned round without losing its meaning.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Stanley Baldwin.** By G. M. Young.  
Hart-Davis. 21s.

THIS LONG-PROMISED biography of Stanley Baldwin is in some ways a disappointing book. It is in effect a portrait sketch largely based on the author's conversations with his subject in his old age. The recollections of old men about their middle age are notoriously unreliable and if they cannot be checked against other materials are frequently worthless. But Mr. Young is, on the whole, judicious and, as always, writes extremely well.

The reader is unlikely to derive any novel impression of Baldwin from this book. That he was indolent and uninterested in foreign affairs is commonly known. That he was a fine orator and a superb party politician is generally appreciated. Mr. Young gives illustrations of these characteristics. On one occasion Baldwin's private secretary minuted: 'The P.M. is always being asked about the situation in Russia and would like to know what to say. Not more than a page'. On another occasion a colleague enquired: 'What can you do with a leader who sits in the Smoking Room reading the *Strand Magazine*?' Foreign affairs he regarded as the concern of the Foreign Secretary and finance as a matter for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Austen Chamberlain sought for his advice on a crisis in Egypt he received the bland response: 'You are Foreign Secretary', while sooner or later all his colleagues reported him as saying 'Why come to me? I have perfect confidence in you'. He was hurt when he had to let Sir Samuel Hoare resign.

Mr. Young quotes Mr. Churchill as saying that Baldwin was 'the greatest party manager the Conservatives ever had'. This book is a commentary on the text. In 1922 the Conservatives had been out of power for seventeen years. Baldwin, after fighting for the soul of Bonar Law, overthrew Lloyd George's Coalition Government and maintained his Party in power except for the interludes of the two minority Labour Governments until 1940. He let Ramsay MacDonald hold the Prime Ministership for a space in the so-called National Government of 1931 largely because he (Baldwin), was more at home leading the House of Commons than presiding over the Cabinet. Like King Charles II, if aroused from his customary lethargy he could be devastating with his political opponents. When Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere started their 'Empire Free Trade' against him, he crushed them decisively. When it looked as if he were finished, Baldwin handled the abdication crisis with skill and discretion. He also showed himself at his best in dealing with the India Act. On the other side, Mr. Young makes no serious attempt to defend Baldwin's conduct of foreign affairs and rearmament policy. Some of his phrase-making was splendid, but his observation that 'the bomber will always get through' was scarcely calculated to invigorate public opinion as war came nearer, nor were his musings as a 'plain man' about the functions of an air pilot suited to recruiting for the Royal Air Force. These half-truths fell short of statesmanship. Above all, his behaviour in the general election of 1935 when he admitted that he was afraid to tell the electorate the truth about the pressing need for rearmament lest they should vote against him is hard to defend. Yet here was a man who enjoyed the highest reputation as an honest politician. Mr. Young quotes letters from—of all people—the late Harold Laski congratulating Baldwin

on the standards of decency he had introduced into public life.

Broadly, one obtains the impression that Mr. Young is not in sympathy with his hero, however much he might agree with the general principles of the Conservative Party. Contemporary history is full of traps for the unwary. In his biography of Neville Chamberlain, Professor Feiling was fortunate because Chamberlain left behind him diaries of events and also a number of personal letters which hold the story together. But Baldwin kept no diary and rarely wrote a political letter. Moreover a collection of his papers only reached the biographer when his book was drafted and much of it in type. At points the political narrative, as in the chapter concerned with the General Strike, is carefully written; but at other points one has doubts. For example, Balfour was *not* Foreign Secretary when in 1921 he published his note on war debts. What is the evidence that the Turks were 'well aware' that if war came over the Chanak crisis the Dominions would 'stand apart'? On the contrary, both Australia and New Zealand promised support. Did Baldwin really see Bonar Law 'several times' on October 18, 1922? If so, his house must have been like a scene in a French farce.

One cannot always check the biographer's statements because he gives no authorities or footnotes. There are, for example, two curious observations about Mr. Churchill that are worth questioning. On page 77 Mr. Young says: 'Baldwin was at all times sensitive to the moral challenge underlying the Socialist creed: Churchill was not'. Some who know Mr. Churchill might think otherwise. On page 184 he implies that Mr. Churchill—like Sir Arnold Wilson—felt 'there was something heroic in Germany's resurgence from the awful humiliation of 1918'. That statement also requires chapter and verse. Finally, the official name of the Labour Party has never been the Socialist Party. It is a tricky business writing the history of our times and an author must demonstrate his facts in order to command the confidence of readers who have lived through the same events with him.

**Folk Tales from Korea.** By Zong In-sob.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

'Once upon a time there lived a poor man who had a little dog, a persimmon tree, and a bugle'. Who could resist the temptation to read on and discover how this odd trio helped him to grow rich? In his collection of folk-tales Professor Zong introduces a Wonderland in which anything may happen and almost anything in the universe may take a speaking part. This is the charm of the folk-tale; it tolerates no class distinction as between god, man, beast, flower, stick, or stone. Mr. and Mrs. Rat may offer their daughter in marriage to Mr. Sun, Mr. Cloud, Mr. Wind and the Stone Buddha of Unzin in turn, until they conclude that the young rat undermining the Stone Buddha is after all more eligible as a bridegroom. Nor does it apply a probability-calculus to events; the heroine is as likely to change into a tiger as to succumb to the hero's advances, and with even less warning. A Buddhist tells his disciple that he will have no difficulty in recognising an expected visitor who is a rival magician, 'for as he comes he will make the water in the river flow back upstream'. The impossible rubs shoulders with the probable to the constant delight of the reader.

But these tales have more to offer than entertainment; they are instructive as well. They present a glimpse of Korean society which is not obscured by the heavy mask of classical tradition. The family ethics of Confucianism appear, not as they are enshrined in the Classics, but as they are worked out in the lives of the people, and sometimes of the animals. We read of filial sons, of ideal gentlemen, of sworn brothers, of dutiful wives, and of the sad lot of young widows forbidden by custom to remarry. Buddhist priests do not appear as exponents of a recondite faith, but as magicians, and the doctrine of reincarnation is easily assimilated as part of fairy-tale fantasy; an Empress of China gave birth to a daughter, we are told, and on her back was found the tattooed phrase, 'Reincarnation of a Korean, Zo Han-Zun'. The Civil Examinations are a recurrent topic, but the scholar-bureaucrat is not seen as usual through the eyes of his fellows, but as the fearsome magistrate with power of life and death over the people.

To the westerner, bureaucrats and fairies may seem to belong together only in the imagination of W. S. Gilbert, but the combination serves as a reminder that in Korea the scholar has long been revered and that the arts of civilisation are deeply rooted. This book shows us an important side of a people whose cultural attainments are considerable, yet who are now plunged in ruin. As one of her leading scholars, Professor Zong has been in the vanguard of folk-lore studies and of movements to make his own country better known to the west. With this series of tales which he has collected over many years and now recounts in an accomplished narrative style, he has made a notable contribution to both these worthy objects.

**The British Impact on India**

By Sir Percival Griffiths.

Macdonald. 45s.

The stages and methods by which the British Dominion in India was founded have never been widely known in England, nor, despite the transient interest in events in 1947, has the effect of British rule. This book, a case-history of a particular imperialism, seeks to remedy that ignorance. Its author, formerly a member of the Indian Civil Service, later the leader of the British representatives in the Indian Legislative Assembly, and now connected with commerce in India and Pakistan, who was a close witness of the events of the last three decades in India, examines the political, administrative, and economic results of British rule clearly and succinctly, with an abundance of historical illustration. He considers to what pattern the British Empire in India conformed, and seeks to determine whether the people have been affected for good or ill by the British connection, the catalytic agent by which western influence was brought to bear on them.

It is in the realm of ideas (probably because of the infinite absorptive capacity of Hinduism) that British influence has been strongest: the spirit of British institutions has borne lasting fruit in that 'like-mindedness' which is the real source of Commonwealth unity and strength. The conduct of the recent Indian elections was an unconscious tribute to this influence, at its strongest in the development of Indian nationality, fostered by a homogeneity unknown in previous Indian history, and the ensuing demand for self-government. Then there was the rule of law, equality before the law, the





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personal rights of all communities, and confidence in the courts which is the sheet-anchor of Indian liberty. Even the mildest attempt of the executive to control the press is bitterly resented, and the hostility which such attempts arouse is a stronger protection against arbitrary government than the guarantees of fundamental rights provided in the constitution. The press was indeed the principal medium through which western ideas of democracy and freedom permeated the minds of the middle classes—the greatest British contribution to national development, made almost entirely by non-officials.

Material effects have also been considerable. The application of western science through British agency has been of incalculable value to the economy of India in irrigation and agriculture, and to its people in improved health and longer life. The remarkable development of transport and communications assisted economic unification, specialisation of cultivation by areas, as well as political consolidation. The development of India's productive resources and the establishment of great industries; progressive systems of commercial and industrial organisation: these, amongst other results, came from the British connection, which equipped India well for independent economic progress. There have been losses as well as gains—the failure to conserve what was good in indigenous institutions, the destruction of village corporate life, the squalid slums of Indian industrial towns. Though it may be too near the transfer of power to achieve absolute objectivity, there can be little doubt which way the balance lies.

This book will be invaluable to those interested in Indian affairs, and to those who concern themselves with other native communities following the same path. There is the oversimplification of pressing practical problems by native leaders—the belief that once power is in their hands, ignorance, poverty, and disease will disappear. There is the fundamental question, once posed by Mr. Jinnah: have the assumptions on which parliamentary democracy depends any valid application to colonial conditions? There is, above all, the realisation that the problem is emotional, not intellectual: too much insistence can be placed on impersonal administration and efficiency, on the welfare rather than the feelings of subject peoples. Finally, there is the synthesis between east and west; the evolution of an imperial relationship of very different peoples into a partnership of mutual respect, equality, and affection. This solid book should become a standard work on the British impact on India; for the Indian impact on Britain, we must await Miss Stuart Sutherland's work on the East India Company in British politics.

### Verse and Worse: a Personal Collection

Edited by Arnold Silcock.

Faber. 12s. 6d.

Why is it that, although one despises comic verse, and takes up a new collection with the worst forebodings, one reads on and on or darts from page to page, smiling despite one's superior self, laughing despite the feeling that one is wasting time, finally calling out for an audience to share one's immediate discovery? Mr. Silcock is to be congratulated on braving all this disapproval for the sake of making known his indisputable finds. To publish, in this period of austerity and prohibition (by tax, if not by law), a book of light verse with a punning title, containing the little known limerick, the funny epitaph, and—yes, the parody of 'Hiawatha'—what a brave man! His is a purely arbitrary selection, with no principles except that the items shall be more or less unfamiliar and shall have amused himself and the enormous circle of

friends to whom he prints acknowledgments. His courage is justified. The skit on 'Hiawatha' turns out to be really funny, and Messrs Sellars and Yeatman's parody of 'How we brought the good news' ('I sprang to the rollocks and Jorrockes and me') even funnier. 'The Bleedin' Sparrer', 'The Holy Roman Empire', and 'Thirty Purple Birds' (in the Bronx dialect of New York City) are certainly pieces well worth printing. So also is 'Higher Education':

As I was laying on the green  
A little book it chanced I seen.  
Carlyle's Essay on Burns was the edition—  
I left it laying in the same position.

It is pleasant also to learn from this collection that the 'six years' darling of a pygmy size' of Wordsworth's 'Intimations Ode' grew up to write a malicious little satire beginning:

He lived amidst th'untrodden ways  
To Rydal lake that lead;  
A bard whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to read.

For all such discoveries it is agreeable and fitting to record one's gratitude to a painstaking and indefatigable collector.

### The Palm-Wine Drinkard

By Amos Tutuola. Faber. 10s. 6d.

'The Palm-Wine Drinkard and his dead Palm-Wine Tapster in the Dead's Town' is the work of a thirty-two-year-old West African born in Abeokuta and educated first at the Salvation Army school in that city, later in Lagos High School. He served with the West African Air Force as a coppersmith and he now holds a minor position in the Department of Labour in Lagos.

One Sunday morning he went to see a very old man on his father's farm. The old man roasted a big yam for him and then offered him palm-wine.

He started to serve the wine with bamboo tumbler. This bamboo tumbler was as deep as a glass tumbler, but it could contain the palm wine which could reach half a bottle. Having taken about four, my body was not at rest at all, it was intoxicating me as if I was dreaming. But when he noticed how I was doing, he told me to let us go and sit down on the bank of a big river which is near the farm for fresh breeze which was blowing here and there with strong power. Immediately we reached there and sat under the shade of some palm trees which collected or spread as a tent I fall asleep. After an hour, he woke me up, and I came to normal condition at that time.

When he believed that I could enjoy what he wanted to tell me, then he told me the story of the Palm-Wine Drinkard.

Writing roughly with lead pencil three hours each day for five days, Mr. Tutuola then produced the first work of literature to be written in English by a West African and published in London. It is a very curious work, with an auroral quality of half-light, this herald of the dawn of Nigerian literature. How much was due to the very old man, how much to the influence of palm-wine and how much to the poetic imagination of Amos Tutuola, it is impossible to say. Its origin is already as confused as the authorship of the book of Genesis and its moods are as varied. Some of it is conceived with the extravagant exaggeration of Rabelais. In other passages, one is reminded of *Tyl Eulenspiegel*; elsewhere of the magic metamorphoses of Arabian folklore. But though there is much in common with other primitive literatures, *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* is distinctive both by reason of its Africanness and by the author's incorporating into myth the paraphernalia of modern life, such as telephones, bombs, and railways.

The story of the Palm-Wine Drinkard is the search for a master palm-wine tapster who is

dead. Whereas other peoples, inhabiting lands more domitable, place the abodes of the dead either below the earth or in the sky, the equatorial African can readily imagine the dead surviving deep within the jungle. This gives to the book its peculiar horror. A young girl, for example, observes in the market place 'A Complete Gentleman', with whom she falls in love. As she follows him into the forest, Complete Gentleman turns and warns her to go back. And with good reason, for as some Complete European Gentlemen hire their fine clothes from Moss Bros., this Complete African Gentleman has hired his limbs, and by the time that he reaches the hole in the ground where he lives, he is merely a Skull with other Skulls playing in the backyard. Yet, remarks the Palm-Wine Drinkard, when set to win the lady back . . .

I could not blame the lady for following the Skull as a complete gentleman to his house at all. Because if I were a lady, no doubt I would follow him to wherever he would go, and still as I was a man I would jealous him more than that, because if this gentleman went to the battle field, surely, enemy would not kill him or capture him and if bombers saw him in a town which was to be bombed, they would not throw bombs on his presence, and if they did throw it, the bomb itself would not explode until this gentleman would leave that town, because of his beauty.

The publishers have done well to avoid annotating this book as if it were merely an important anthropological document. They have resisted the temptation of commissioning a surrealist artist to illustrate, for example, Wife and Husband in the Hungry Creature's Stomach or the flight of the Red-people from the Red-town in the form of two red trees, all their leaves singing as human beings. They have left this strange, poetic, nightmare volume to seek for itself the staunch admirers it cannot fail to attract.

### The British General Election of 1951

By D. E. Butler. Macmillan. 21s.

The modern worship of 'factual information' is odd, certainly to those brought up in the older tradition that facts are the bricks in the House of Knowledge, and nothing more. An academic study such as this—the third of its kind to be sponsored by Nuffield College—will scarcely appeal to the kind of public which used to read *Titbits* and now reads the Digests, but it still suffers from the mass-observer's almost pre-Raphaelite illusion that if you could only paint every vein on every leaf you would have got to know the forest. Is it or is it not important to know that 18 per cent. of Labour addresses in the 1951 election referred to the Persian situation and 39 per cent. to the benefits of bulk buying, that 30 per cent. of Conservative addresses mentioned Mr. Churchill, but only 11 per cent. referred to Mr. Eden; that Mr. Churchill shared the B.B.C. honours for the biggest listening audience with Dr. Charles Hill; that thirty-three Labour candidates described as 'journalists, publicists' were elected, compared with thirteen Conservatives; or that 108 Labour 'workers' were returned as against only one Conservative 'worker'? Doubtless, many interesting avenues of speculation are opened up by all this; as a source-book of information, the work should be invaluable. (The chapter on 'The Results' is worth the money alone.) But, while the party headquarters and the political agents may find every decimal point of absorbing interest, for the ordinary student of politics the book would have been more digestible had it been boiled down to the length of an essay, perhaps with—if one may venture to be so 'unscientific'—a few cardinal generalisations brought out and elaborated and the statistics and field surveys tucked away as notes.

Mr. Butler and his colleagues seldom abandon





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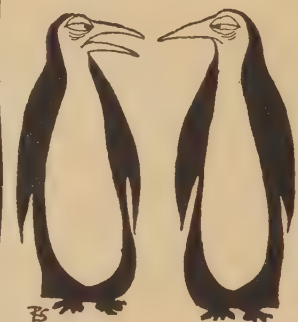
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the role of dispassionate chroniclers. His criticism of the B.B.C. is so much the more interesting. He thinks that the ban on political references in the ordinary programmes during the election period is 'thoroughly unsatisfactory'. He agrees that 'the politicians may be the chief sinners',

but adds that 'the B.B.C. seems to have done nothing to foster that inter-party agreement which apparently must precede any change of policy in this field'. (Why 'apparently'? Surely the fact is obvious?) Mr. Butler may underestimate the difficulties. He admits that even if

political agreement could be secured the question would remain whether a more adventurous policy, which incidentally might lead to the exploitation of cruder techniques of presentation, would be in the public interest. None the less his suggestions are worth pondering.

## New Novels

*Torment.* By Pérez Galdós. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.

*The Strange Children.* By Caroline Gordon. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

*Martha Quest.* By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

*The Trial of Bébé Donge.* By Georges Simenon. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 9s. 6d.

THIS week seems to take us far away from the 'home counties', from Miss X's 'unobtrusive skill in analysing quiet scenes of domestic life', or Miss Y's pallid imitation of Nancy Mitford. A passionate enough wind blows us to the nineteenth- or early twentieth-century Spain of Pérez Galdós, whose hero comes from the Gulf of Mexico—an American landscape not too far from that of Miss Caroline Gordon's feckless highbrows, two generations later. Miss Doris Lessing is concerned with the absorbing problem of whether it is possible for anyone with a white skin to be happy in South Africa. After this I could not get myself any nearer England than Simenon's perpetual Provence: though in order to make the atmosphere more homey I might just mention here an 'also faintly recommended' novel. This is Edgar Mittelholzer's *The Weather in Midden-shot* (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.). It is concerned with the meeting of twin minds: those of an escaped lunatic from Broadmoor and an ancient madman called Mr. Jarrow who lives at home with his family, harbouring the complacent illusion that his wife, who looks after him, is only a spirit manifestation appearing at séances. The macabre joke is good for fifty pages, but the virtuosity of Mr. Mittelholzer's too-ebullient imagination overboils the characters.

Galdós' work may not be as great as Balzac or Dickens, but to read him for the first time is to discover a Spanish-Victorian novelist. A wonderful insight into the aims of his bourgeois Madrid family in reduced circumstances, a conventional subject handled with boldness in the characterisation and detail which surprises and delights, an interesting villain, an adorable heroine, and worldly, self-seeking relations, such are the ingredients of *Torment*. The Cinderella-like, poor-relation heroine, Amparo, is loved by Caballero, the self-made millionaire from Texas, who has returned late in life to spend his money in Madrid. Unfortunately she has been seduced by Pedro Polo a 'méchant' priest, who pursues her and is determined to wreck her happiness. Unable to confess her past to her lover, she attempts suicide. Here we have the plot of a 'powerful' melodrama. But it is handled with such an astonishing insight into motives and characters, that the story itself seems only a scaffolding for a building which is all flesh and spirit. Pedro Polo, although a conventional villain in his actions, is a most interesting study of a man who has forsaken the Church in order to adopt a religion of nature. He vacillates between good and evil impulses, as violently self-intoxicated people may do. This novel also recalls Balzac's *Le Curé de Tours* as a study of a phenomenon which few novelists have paid attention to: the self-torture of very timid people. The misfortunes of Amparo and Caballero are really caused by their inability to admit their feelings to one another.

*Torment* is full of that truthful observation of details of behaviour which is the true source of atmosphere in the novel. The summons to answer the bell and go errands which interrupt

the meetings of Amparo with Caballero; the sick relation whom Pedro Polo nurses devotedly in the room where he also attempts to rape Amparo. Describing another of his characters, he writes: 'She slept quietly and soundly, as she always did, enjoying the sleep of the unjust, the reward of an easy conscience': with observations of this kind Galdós strips away layers of his rather conventional subject matter. The last page, which leaves the dénouement of the story resolved ambiguously, has an astonishing beauty.

It is a far remove from the simple and powerful lines of Galdós to the many facets of Miss Caroline Gordon's novel. With this book, Miss Gordon at once takes her place as one of the foremost half-dozen American writers (Eudora Welty, Jean Stafford, Katharine Anne Porter, and perhaps one or two men). *The Strange Children* is a twentieth-century *What Maisie Knew*, in a Southern setting. As in James' novel, the action is the lives of the grown-ups is reflected in the mind of a small girl. Lucy, aged nine, is with her parents at a house-party in the Tennessee country. Her mind is set on a pony which she has been promised, but theirs are occupied with other things. In the grounds of the house the Holy Rollers (a religious sect) are preparing a revivalist meeting which takes place towards the end of the novel. Several of the grown-up characters are Catholics. They treat their religion with a mixture of awe and sophisticated facetiousness, and one of the themes of the book is the currents of true and false religious feeling flowing through it.

The grown-ups talk and drink and carry on their lives. In the course of the holiday a marriage is broken up, and one of the eloping pair is a psychopath. These are the routine horrors of the lives of hard-drinking intellectuals, who strangely combine cynicism and wonder in their characters. It is they, and not Lucy, who are the strange children. In their way this American house-party are very civilised, though in their conversations about religion, poetry, Europe and one another's affairs, the characters sometimes have the air of being lost. What is excellent about *The Strange Children* is not the story—which is related discontinuously—but the sense of brittle, sharp impressions cutting into an innocent mind. On every page there is a feeling of imminent horror. It is a difficult book to review, but it makes the immediate, disturbing and unresolved impression of a contemporary work about contemporary values which is absolutely first-rate.

'First-rate' is certainly not the epithet I would apply to *Martha Quest*, although it is a novel with several virtues. Apparently the first volume of a trilogy, it describes the adolescence and young womanhood of Martha, who first lives with her parents on a South African farm, and then takes a job as typist in the town. The relationship of Martha as an intolerant adolescent in the persecuting South African community, with her parents and friends—two of them Jewish boys—is meticulously done, and, as material, very instructive. Yet it has a certain

monotony like that of a long, slow, documentary film occasionally relieved by glimpses of African scenery. Unfortunately, it is not at all relieved by what the author obviously stakes a good deal on—passages like soliloquies, in which Martha has 'deep' feelings about Nature, sex and so on. It is all too serious. That is to say the subject matter—which can indeed afford to be taken seriously, is not aerated sufficiently by holes into some freer element of living. One feels that—whether or not this book is autobiographical—there is a relentless self-identification of the writer with her heroine; who, with all her 'passionate vitality, avid for experience and for self-knowledge' (as the blurb says) is really a passive receptacle for these qualities in the writer.

Martha is as tiresome as adolescents are tiresome, as physical as normal young women are physical, as interested in the world around her as the intelligentsia, as liberal as men of good will. There is no attempt to make her out to be perfect. She is a model of that kind of hero or heroine about whom the reader immediately feels: 'That's me with all my little faults so natural to my age and circumstances, and all my longing to be good and generous'. Yet these heroes and heroines who are portmanteaux for all the nature of their writers and readers, are really squashed out of existence. Most readers would say that Martha Quest was 'realer' than Amparo—the heroine of *Torment*—because Amparo has some of the qualities of a saint, whereas Martha has just that combination of not-too-good and not-too-bad qualities in her which we like to concede to ourselves. Yet actually the effort to create a 'good' character utterly different and separate from the author, gives Amparo far greater vitality. She has an existence of her own in a world of the imagination of Galdós. Thus, despite much excellent observation, *Martha Quest* hardly rises above the level of documentary writing. As such, it is illuminating and should provide the reader with insight into what is perhaps the unhappiest country in the world today.

Simenon, like Colette, is one of those naturally gifted, and unpretentious, popular, writers who produce books which puzzle the critics by being near-masterpieces. *The Trial of Bébé Donge*—one of the half-dozen-a-year recently written by this prolific writer—is perhaps more interesting than Camus' *L'Étranger*, because Simenon succeeds in something in which Camus does not quite succeed—giving a pointless crime a point. Bébé Donge attempts to murder her husband François because she thinks that 'this is the stage her marriage has arrived at'. For François, the attempt is a revelation of something of which he had never realised the significance: the depth of his wife's love for him. This situation is examined in its implications with a sympathy which deepens one's understanding of the human heart. In its lightness of touch this book reaches depths of seriousness, by a process the inverse of that which makes *Martha Quest* touch the trivial.

STEPHEN SPENDER



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### Dignity and Imprudence

OF LAST SATURDAY EVENING'S Remembrance Festival at the Royal Albert Hall, and the service at the Cenotaph on Sunday morning, it can be said that television served both occasions extremely well. The cameras recorded the scenes with impeccable discretion and it must be accounted to them for good that they did not obtrude too freely on the presence of the Royal Family, for whom the commemorations this year had a poignancy of their own. Both events demonstrated the power of television to make

to dispel doubts about the propriety of showing them. Something that Catullus had to say arrives in my mind as the horrendous waters swirl on our screens before each instalment: 'And thus for evermore—hail and farewell!' Let it be added that the introductory talks by Professor Lewis, of the



As seen by the viewer: the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall: left, the Chelsea Pensioners; right, Sir Ian Fraser and the Dean of Chichester



'Modern Dental Surgery': a demonstration with gigantic gums and teeth, and, right, a dental X-ray

a dignified contribution to contemporary life, and some may have heard in the uplifted voices of the great Cenotaph crowd an answer to the Archbishop's reiterated fears. Very rarely, I think, has the noble hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past', been more fervently sung in public.

Watching the Cenotaph service, my thoughts travelled back to the 'Victory at Sea' films televised in the last two weeks, and I asked myself even more forcefully what admirable purpose is served by showing them now. One must allow that seeing a war from the enemy's side ministers to a legitimate curiosity, and in years to come these films will be of great historic value.

I felt uneasy at seeing men die their photographed deaths in the convulsive destruction which the Japanese loosed on Pearl Harbour, that act of national humiliation which eventually brought so shattering a revenge at Hiroshima. If the films are intended as an object lesson in the insanity of war it is equally certain that they will reopen old wounds and renew the heartache of many whose sons and brothers went down to the sea in ships that never returned. I do not doubt that, critical responsibility apart, I shall continue to watch these films with fascinated attention as they appear through the coming months. Their authenticity is unique and sometimes awe-inspiring. Also, they represent a gesture of friendly co-operation between the National Broadcasting Company of America and the British Broadcasting Corporation. I find it hard, even so,

on. We had the duty announcer saying: 'Here is tonight's weather chart and forecast' almost before the final shots of the first 'Victory at Sea' programme had faded from our screens, striking an altogether jarring note in what should have been a requiem moment. The same kind of break-neck speed has been

Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are both instructive and necessary. They adjust, nicely, the rhetorical balance between the Atlantic partners in the grim struggle.

A television presentation fault which calls for critical comment is the unseemly haste with which programmes often follow

manifested a little too often lately in the uprush of credit lines after a programme. Producers should pay attention to this important detail. The effect of ignoring it is to reduce their efforts to peepshow dimensions and is of no service to television.

Outstanding among the documentary programmes was 'Barrister-at-Law', that pilgrim's progress of the Bar which, inexpertly, I assume to have faithfully represented the tone and temper of life in chambers. Whatever the pundits of the Temple thought, it made interesting and instructive television and actually succeeded in rousing compassion for a type of



'Ely Cathedral': the exterior, and close-up of the boss high up in the centre of the octagonal lantern

Photographs: John Cura



Scene from 'Barrister-at-Law', a documentary programme televised on October 27

aspirant to professional honours with whose struggles most viewers were not only unfamiliar but, it is to be feared, not specially sympathetic. The programme reminded us that the lawyers, like the actors, have been outcasts in past times and that the grind and gamble of life for young barristers make them more than merely neighbours of their next-door dwellers in Alsatia, the journalists.

'Modern Dental Surgery' showed a similar competence of production and handled its difficult theme with considerable *finesse*. It is unlikely to have diminished the average person's reluctance to go to the dentist. What it did do was to preach the gospel of prevention and the sense of that is not to be questioned. Another good mark for television.

Back for a second session, the 'Junior Wranglers' opened with discussion of comments



made about the programme here after their first appearance three or four weeks ago. I had taken the precaution of asking two young persons of the 'Junior Wranglers' age group to be present with me at this second viewing. Result: adverse verdict upheld. Someone seems to have been seized with the thought that it would be 'a good thing' to get four adolescents round a table and to ply them with questions of topical interest. The plain truth is that the thing is not good enough.

'Ely Cathedral' was beautifully done. The museums quiz game, 'Animal? Vegetable? Mineral?', recovered from the unsure start and showed signs of coming brilliantly to life 'Special Enquiry', dealing with employment, failed to achieve the sharp definition of the first in its series, on housing. Scenes from the American presidential election enlivened more than one edition of the Newsreel. As for the round-table report on the result, its chief virtue was its timeliness. The Bishop of Croydon's epilogue last Sunday night was an accomplished performance, its Last Post *finale* imaginatively conceived and carried out.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Ghosts and Marvels

'TURNING CARTWHEELS in my head' is, I think, a Kipling snatch that recurs to me now when I try to remember the radio occasions of the last few days: a run of ghosts and marvels. I recall voices from 'Hassan', the strained scream of Richard III at Bosworth, the haunted quiet of 'The Brushwood Boy', an agitation in the Parrot House (what will Marjorie Westbury do next?), and the groan of Bernard Braden on realising that the car he had just stopped was on the way to Cophthorne Avenue. There is very much more, a dizzying sequence: the cartwheels turn.

Let me take the most recent memory first. Giles Cooper and his producer (Cleveland Finn) made, it seemed to me, a really imaginative thing of 'The Brushwood Boy' (Light). I had not read Kipling's story for years; but I had never lost the companion poem that begins, 'Over the edge of the purple down Where the single lamp-light gleams'; and the radio play, with Derek Hart's George, brought to me the strange airs that blow across 'our country' in sleep. I regretted that, owing to an earlier appointment with 'One Eye Wild' (Third) I had missed the first fifteen minutes of 'The Brushwood Boy'. Mr. MacNeice's fantasy of the hero that wasn't, the frustrated romanticist, came to my ear, I am afraid, as an excited muddle, a welter of 'effects', from which I can summon now only Brenda Bruce's speaking in the early part of the piece. Her exasperation and impatience were understandable.

It might have been amusing to have had a Braden's ear view of this programme. The actor has a cheerful satirical irreverence. Happily, 'Bedtime with Braden' (Home) has begun again at high pitch. It was a nice idea to open with the overtaking by an Ustinov-Jones car bound for Cophthorne Avenue (I am surprised that this did not get into 'One Eye Wild'), and Braden later enjoyed himself vastly as a light among tougher and less articulate film stars (with an awkward habit of unseating the band). 'Some kind of radio show' Braden calls this; it is a gold medallist of current Variety.

From the full-scale revival of 'Hassan' (Home) I shall treasure especially the closing scenes and the presentation of the Ghosts, the fulfilment for once of such a stage direction as 'in a thin voice like an echo'. The scene must inevitably fail on the stage: Val Gielgud rescued it on the air, and it had been wisely trimmed. I was able also to sit back and to hear (as well

as to see in the mind) the caravan as it passed from the Gate of the Moon in 'blazing moonlight'. This was a shambles when I met it last in the theatre. But in my sitting-room we could take the golden road to Samarkand; and I am not likely to forget the tones of Leon Quartermaine—still among the finest speakers we have—as they lingered on the phrase, 'glimmering sea'. It was right also to hear him with Arthur Young, an excellent choice for Hassan, as they ended the night with two of the 'prologue' stanzas from the original poem of 'The Golden Journey'. I may not yet be persuaded of the full value of 'Hassan'—my heart is with 'Don Juan'—but the radio voices (Wheatley, Hayes, Willard, Mary Wimbush, Geoffrey Keen) did as much as any voices could.

Alas, though Barbara Couper had handled the text adroitly, 'The Wind of Heaven' (Home) did not create any picture in the mind, and the circus-man appeared to be miscast. Peter Watts' production of 'Richard III' brought 'The Wars of the Roses' serial to its end with a splendid swoop, and Donald Wolfitt's desperately croaking scream of 'My kingdom for a horse!' lingers. Nothing at all lingers from 'Rossetti's Wife' (Home) except respect for the efforts of Robert Eddison and Valerie Taylor to master a *cliché*-haunted script. It is too early yet to do more than hail Captain Hornblower-Redgrave as the serial (Light) sets sail. And I hope that nobody will miss any future repeat of a packed little feature (Third), by A. N. L. Munby, on the peculiarly unpleasant book-collector, Sir Thomas Philipps, for whom Robert Farquharson produced a voice like a fire of thorns and brushwood. Now what did Kipling say about cartwheels? I am not quite sure . . .

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### We are Seven

IF I HAVE NOT YET remarked on 'The Seven Deadly Sins' it is because my response to these talks has been tepid, and the reason for this is (many, I know, will disagree with me) that the theme itself has at this time of day an element of tepidity. It is neither alive and kicking nor deadly dull; it has become, in fact, academic, and I have seemed to perceive that almost every speaker has accepted the invitation to discuss his allotted sin not as a welcome opportunity to let loose burning ideas but as the assignment of a thesis to be dutifully compiled and presented. This is not to say that the speakers who have so far favoured us have not done very good jobs. Michael Tippett, Robert Speaight, and Robert Furneaux Jordan are all persons of intelligence and excellent broadcasters; the name of any one of them in *Radio Times* is a sufficient guarantee that the talk will be a good one. And good talks they were, eloquent, well built, well considered; yet somehow aloof. There was no suggestion that the speakers had ever found themselves on, or over, the deadly brink nor were they moved to warn the listener of the dire necessity of minding his step.

The fact is that the deadly sins were strictly and dogmatically defined in medieval times and unless the words which stand for them—pride, covetousness, and the rest—are used in this strictly defined sense, they are not, whatever else they may be, the deadly sins. Mr. Jordan, for instance, claimed the right to be angry at the iniquities of modern life, and he would have got away with his claim even in the Middle Ages because he was using the word 'anger' in a different sense.

Last week's deadly sin was 'lust', and it was discussed by Anthony Powell in a manner less formal than that of his predecessors. His broadcast, in fact, was not so much a thesis as a conversation, almost a chat, in which he did

not discuss but rather laid a finger on certain peculiarities of his theme which differentiate it today from the other deadly sins. How curious, he remarked, that it should have received more attention in literature than all the others; how curious that it is the only one which would not be tolerated today in a public man, who might indulge pride, anger, gluttony, and the rest with impunity. And yet, he went on to observe, the psycho-analyst, in his condemnation of repression, goes near to recommending it. It was a lively talk, well delivered except for an occasional vagueness of articulation—easily corrected, one would think—which caused the listener to miss a word or phrase here and there.

I assume it was a mischievous prank of chance that 'lust' was also one of the themes of last week's selection from *The Faerie Queene*. The reading and general treatment were, as hitherto, excellent, but I found it hard to be more than very tepidly concerned for the alternating captures and escapes of the blameless Florimel or for the tribulations of Malbecco, nor did beauty of detail and versification weave a spell strong enough to bind me for sixty-five minutes.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, as a result of the reports which Captain Cook and Bougainville brought home from their voyages, the myth arose here and in France of the Noble Savage who, if we are to believe the literature of the period, indulged last week's deadly sin without the faintest prick of conscience. Christopher Lloyd gave a very good talk on 'The Noble Savage' in which he discussed the popularity of the idea in this country and its later decline. Hardly half a century later Bishop Heber was castigating Java as an isle where

... every prospect pleases

And only man is vile.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Common Entrance

EXAMINERS OF YOUTH used to be, perhaps still are, fond of posing questions beginning 'Compare and contrast . . .', or, even more horribly, 'Find the common denominator in . . .'. I am reminded of these now distant ordeals by the type of programme, favoured by the Third, which sets two composers side by side alternating their compositions and, by implication or even by overt suggestion, asking the listener to compare, to contrast, and to find the common denominator in them.

Most often it is a matter simply of contrast, as in the series which has just set Mozart's youthful Litanies beside such works as Kodály's 'Psalmus Hungaricus'. This can be interesting and stimulating—we are not expected to seek out resemblances or even to note differences, but merely to enjoy the religious music of two epochs, one international in its outlook, the other national.

In the programme devoted last week to Grieg and Debussy we were deliberately invited to make comparisons and find resemblances, being given some clues derived from Professor Abraham's excellent 'Symposium' on Grieg. There are, indeed, some remarkable structural resemblances between Debussy's solitary String Quartet and Grieg's, apart from the coincidence of key. It was surely going too far, however, to attribute Debussy's adoption of a 'motto' for his composition to Grieg's example. He had a precedent much closer to hand in César Franck, whose 'cyclic' form surely served as Debussy's model. Two songs about spring, sung by Astra Desmond whom it was a pleasure to hear again, and four pianoforte pieces admirably played by Angus Morrison must have provoked more or less obvious replies from examinees.

But was it—and this is what matters—a good musical programme? I am afraid the answer





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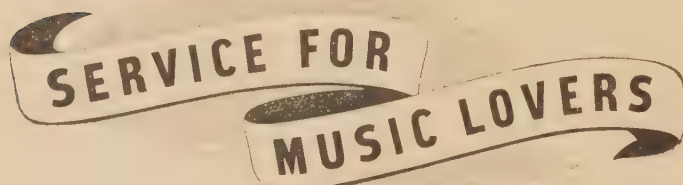
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must be 'No'. It is always good to hear Debussy's Quartet, but it only showed up Grieg's for a boring work without the magic or the fanciful invention of Debussy's. This was no fault of the Hirsch Quartet who played it. And, if one desired a demonstration of the difference between the expression of a commonplace mind and one endowed with genius, could one do better than set Grieg's unimaginative peal of bells beside 'La cathédrale engloutie'? I am afraid there was some truth in M. Croche's contemptuous remark about 'pink bon-bons stuffed with snow', in comparison with which our imaginary examinee might say that Debussy's

were liqueur-filled chocolates, and best cognac at that.

Sir Adrian Boult conducted two orchestras during the week, his own London Philharmonic and the B.B.C.'s which he originally created. He gave, as ever, a noble performance of Schubert's Symphony in C major. There are those who profess to find this conductor unexciting because he doesn't rattle things like the 'Figaro' Overture off so fast that the players cannot articulate the phrases. Boult's performance of it seemed to me to move quite fast enough to produce an effect of high exhilaration while allowing room for everything to tell. His programmes included

Howard Ferguson's romantic Pianoforte Concerto, which wears well, and the first broadcast of William Wordsworth's prize Symphony—truly Wordsworthian in that the composer has the gift of transmuting commonplace into poetry.

It was good to hear the second act of 'Fidelio' in the beautiful performance conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, even though the Florestan was not on a level with the rest of this excellent cast, and even though the interval had been excessive. One was reminded of the lonely worm whose head said 'Hello' to its own distant disappearing tail.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Purcell's Instrumental Music

By A. K. HOLLAND

Purcell's Sonatas will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Monday, November 17, at 11.20 p.m. on Thursday, November 20, at 6.25 p.m. on Monday, November 24, and at 7.35 p.m. on Friday, November 28 (all Third)

PURCELL'S instrumental music has been generally underrated in comparison with the more obvious claims of his vocal music. The very existence of Purcell's Fantazias seems to have been overlooked by the early editors of the Purcell Society's volumes, in which the trio sonatas are described as his first attempt at instrumental chamber music, notwithstanding that the Fantazias, or some of them, are clearly dated in the manuscripts as day to day compositions in the months of June and August 1680, three years before the sonatas appeared in print.

The preface to the latter tells us that they would have been 'abroad in the world much sooner' but for the fact that the composer 'has now thought fit to cause the whole Thorough Bass to be Engraven, which was a thing quite besides his first Resolution', a very strange remark. It appears, therefore, that the Fantazias and the Sonatas, which are Purcell's chief contribution to instrumental music (outside the carloads of incidental and accompanying music which he wrote for the theatre and the church, and the slender but charming keyboard pieces which incline to the French model of the suite) were almost contemporary.

The first set of Sonatas, issued in the fashionable Italian style of a set of twelve for two violins, bass viol and organ or harpsichord, was followed, posthumously, by a collection of ten which his widow published, and no dates can be assigned to them, though it may seem that here he makes an even deeper obeisance to those 'most fam'd Italian Masters', whom he alleged to be the inspiration of the first set. These masters are unnamed, but it is clear that Purcell, brought up as he was in the English school of viol music and in the polyphonic tradition, was endeavouring to keep abreast of the times. His first Sonatas are dedicated, somewhat fulsomely, to 'his Sacred Majesty' (Charles II) and are described as the immediate result of the royal favour, an allusion presumably to his recent appointments, proudly notified on the frontispiece, as Composer in Ordinary to the King and Organist of the Chapel Royal. He succeeded his master, Matthew Locke, at the very early age of eighteen, as composer for the violins in the royal establishment, and the Sonatas were therefore intended as an example of his capabilities in that direction.

It has often been said that whereas the Fantazias appear to be an act of homage to the past, the Sonatas point in the direction of contemporary fashions. The former were the precocious products of a young man who, as the dates on the four-part examples prove, was barely twenty at the time. That they were written for violas has been generally assumed. It is at best doubtful.

Purcell grew up at a time when the violin was already beginning to supplant the viol. Composers like Locke had issued works in consort form which were 'apt' for either instrument, and even a traditionalist like Jenkins, the great exponent of consort music for the viols, had turned to the violin in his later works, composed when he was an old man of seventy. It seems odd that Purcell, the newly appointed composer for the violins, should have indulged in mere antiquarianism or undertaken to write his Fantazias simply as a scholastic exercise, or (as one writer has said) for 'historical reasons'.

Is it not more probable that he wrote them as essays in the traditional style, though with the new harmonic accent which his genius was able to bring to bear on the old polyphonic methods, and that he may have intended them, following Locke's example, to be apt for either medium? It is true that the lie of the inner parts occasionally goes beyond the range of the modern string quartet, but the possibility that he had in mind, at least as an alternative, the use of the complete range of violins, including the real tenor, cannot be lightly dismissed.

It has been said that he does not show, either in these works or in the specific violin sonatas, any particular appreciation of the capabilities of the violin as developed by his Italian exemplars. But the idiom is that of chamber music, and how well he understood the violin may be seen in his solo violin sonata, a unique specimen and one of the finest of its period. More significant perhaps of his adherence to traditional practices are the two 'In Nomine' fantasies in six and seven parts respectively, which restore a manner that was practically obsolete in his time and which had been practised by English composers for a century, and in the five-part Fantasia upon One Note (the middle C, held throughout by the tenor) he gives us a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the older methods of composition.

The Sonatas, on the other hand, are avowedly in the 'modern' vein: as he says in the much-quoted preface, he had 'faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian Masters'. It is also true that there were, even in this line, certain English precedents of which he could scarcely have been unaware, such as the sonatas of William Young published thirty years earlier. The cardinal difference between the Fantazias and the Sonatas lies in the adoption of the harmonic *basso continuo*. In the former there are sectional contrasts between the fugal writing and a more homophonic style, but they are essentially one-movement works. In the sonatas the movements are clearly defined in an alternation of slow and quick sections, usually four in number but variously distributed and sometimes increased by short linking sections and codas,

and differing from sonata to sonata in form; perhaps their most sterling quality is the absence of a set formula. They are in the more conservative vein of the *sonata da chiesa* as opposed to the type of sonata which tended in the direction of the suite, with its use of dance measures.

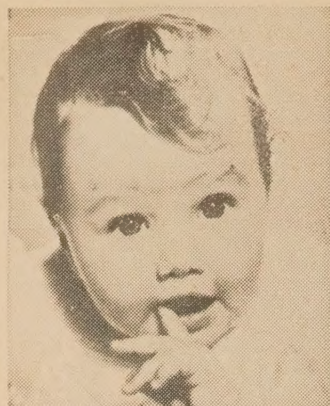
The first set of twelve Sonatas published in 1683 was followed after his death by a second set of ten which, though styled 'of four parts' are identical with the earlier works in being written for two violins, bass and continuo. In the first set the gamba bass rarely differs materially from the figured *basso continuo*. In the second set there is rather more freedom, and the fugal canzona movement, which is common to all (whether so named or not), inclines to be on a more extended scale. For the rest, these sonatas display an amazing variety of invention, a harmonic interest, and a fertility of device which justly entitles them to be considered as at least the equals of the famous (and unnamed) Italian models. As the contemporary poetaster, Tom Brown, remarked:

In thy productions we with wonder find  
Bassani's graces to Corelli's join'd

Dr. Burney, who has been followed by later critics, thought that, while Purcell's sonatas 'discover no great knowledge of the bow or genius of the instrument, they are infinitely superior in fancy, modulation, design, and contrivance to all the music of that kind anterior to the works of Corelli', and by a coincidence Corelli's first set of sonatas was published in the same year as Purcell's, though he may have known them in manuscript.

It has become conventional to express surprise that the solitary 'Golden' Sonata has been singled out for survival in modern times. It belongs to the second set and unhappily we do not know its date, for Purcell did not pursue the laudable practice of dating these works, as he did in the case of the four-part Fantazias. It is certainly a spacious, confident and well-mannered work. But others in both sets may seem to have an equal grandeur and a more touching appeal. Harmonic surprise, the easy employment of technical conundrums, and grace of style are there for all to see and hear. They are truly experimental works, yet they never leave the impression of toying with technical device merely for its own sake. *Ars est celare artem* could surely never be more truly applied than in these forward-looking works, more 'modern' indeed than their predecessors, the Fantazias, yet it has to be always remembered that it fell to the lot of the eighteenth century to dispense with the *basso continuo*, and it may be that in the great account of time, the earlier and more old-fashioned works will be reckoned just as significant.





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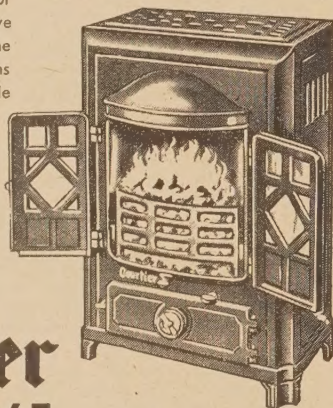
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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## WATER IN OUR DIET

Do you realise that you and I are seven-tenths water? And that water stands second only to oxygen in the air as a necessity of life? All parts of the body contain water, especially the muscles. It is the basis of the body fluid, like blood and lymph; it is essential for getting rid of the waste products through the kidneys, and the evaporation of water in the form of sweat plays an important part in maintaining a constant body temperature.

How much water do you need a day? Well that depends on all sorts of things. In temperate climates a grown-up person under ordinary conditions needs three or four pints a day. The food in an ordinary diet contains about one or one-and-a-half pints, which leaves at least two or three pints to be taken as drink. Those people who sweat a good deal because they take violent exercise or work in a hot atmosphere may need much more—ten or more pints a day.

You can take the water as plain water, or, if you do not like that, as a variety of beverages including tea, coffee, cocoa, mineral waters, beer, cider, and so on. But plain water is, in fact, an excellent drink, and nowadays our public water supplies are so good that it is also a very safe one. You can take your water as hot or as cold as you like. I do not think I have ever seen any harm come from the modern fashion of drinking water and soft drinks iced, provided always, of course, that any ice which is added to a drink is clean ice which has not come in contact with any dirty hands.

Exactly how much water should one drink to be healthy? Should one drink water before, during, or after meals? Is hard water bad for rheumatism? From what I have said, you will see it is impossible to lay down any rule as to what any particular person should drink. People must follow their own inclinations and drink

as much as they need to quench their thirst. If anything, sedentary people tend to drink too little water, and no otherwise healthy person has ever, to my knowledge, come to grief through drinking too much.

As far as I know there is no good evidence that hard water is bad for rheumatism or that drinking any particular kind of water will do rheumatism any good. It is perfectly true that people with gout and other rheumatic diseases used, apparently, to derive great benefit from taking the waters at a spa, but perhaps it was not so much what they drank there that did them good as what they did *not* drink?

A DOCTOR

## PLUM BREAD

A sweet dish that children love, and that is particularly suitable for diabetic children is Plum Bread. You will need:

12 oz. of small plums  
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1 small apple  
1 or 2 walnuts  
saccharine

Stew the plums in enough water to make a ½-pint of plum liquid. At the end of the period of stewing, sweeten with 7 tablets of saccharine. Separate the plums from the liquid, and dissolve the gelatine in the hot juice. Beat well, and allow it to stand until beginning to set, then beat again. Choose a shaped jelly mould and rinse with cold water. Pour a little of the jelly into the bottom of the mould, then put in plums, chopped apple, and walnuts broken up. Continue filling with jelly, alternating with fruit, until the mould is full and the fruit and juice used up. Allow it to set. Turn out and cut into equal slices.

You will find that the top part of the jelly

is transparent and the lower part fluffy, like mousse. Since there is plenty of gelatine in it, the jelly will cut quite easily and firmly and the slices should look very pretty with the white and red fruit in them.

IRIS HOLLAND ROGERS

## Notes on Contributors

LUDWIG ROSENBERG (page 791): Head of the Foreign Affairs Section of the West German Federation of Trade Unions

DR. W. G. PENNEY, F.R.S. (page 793): Scientific Director of the Monte Bello atomic weapon test; Chief Superintendent, Armament Research, Ministry of Supply, since 1946; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, 1936-45; his knighthood was announced on October 23

H. E. RICHARDSON, C.I.E., O.B.E. (page 800): Indian Civil Service; Indian Trade Agent, Gyantse, and Officer-in-charge, Indian Mission, Lhasa, 1947-50; British Trade Agent, Gyantse, and Officer-in-charge, British Mission, Lhasa, 1946-47, and 1936-40; author of *Ancient Historical Edicts at Lhasa and the Mu Tsung/Khri Gtsug Lde Brtsan Treaty of A.D. 821-822 from the Inscription at Lhasa*

DR. R. A. LYTLETON (page 807): Lecturer in Mathematics, Cambridge University

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD (page 814): Senior Lecturer at the R.N. College, Greenwich, and Secretary of the Navy Records Office; author of *Captain Cook, The Voyages of Captain Cook, Lord Cochrane, etc.*

GERARD J. R. FRANKL (page 816): painter; born in Vienna, 1901; formerly Lecturer in the University of Vienna and art master at The King's School, Chester

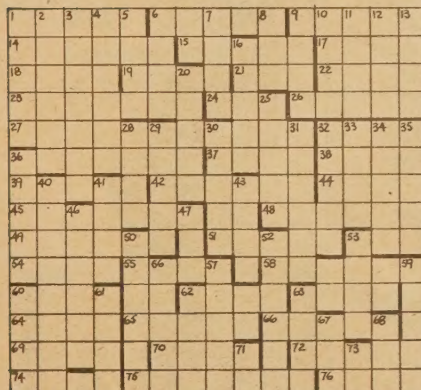
## Crossword No. 1,176.

## Much of a Muchness.

## By Topher

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The unclued words divide into sets of words which are anagrams of one another. There are three sets of four, six sets of three and seven sets of two words. Thirteen proper names are included. 71D and 73D form one word, and the following are reversed: 26, 37, 44, 55, 74, 76 Across and 16, 43, 59 Down. The letters of the following are an arrangement of letters taken from one word in each of the sixteen sets: SPECIAL ATTRACTION, MEET A RARE STAR TURN, SEE ATTLEE PREPARE TO ENTER SEA IN MODEL TOPEE.

## CLUES—ACROSS

6. Not even adverbially in fantastic fashion (5).
14. Here it is a case of choice introduction (6).
- 17R. In Japan a minor god and in Perak a minor devil (4).
- 21R & 47. One round ordinal for each (6).
22. Tells one what the fare is (4).
23. It is subject to no rule (7).
- 24R. Bit in pieces or trampled on (3).
27. Emperors, for example, could be ripe to plead (11).
36. The end certainly comes at the end (7).
42. Risk going without exercise in church before Christmas (6).
45. Done with any mixture as a sedative (7).
48. Exercises for would-be doctors (6).
49. Hymnographer or Victorian headmaster (6).
53. Relative start to green (3).
60. Seizes and holds back a tailor (4).
62. Soil to pass over lightly (4).
69. In modern Crete ostensibly and in ancient Ionia certainly (4).
75. 7 (7).

## DOWN

2. A young beast was operatic companion to Clarissa (6).
3. Fate thus left a back (7).
4. Justice is in process of discovering what he misrepresents (6).
- 5R. Sheltered a famous American (4).
6. Spoken sounds affecting the ear (4).
- 8R. Look closely at John Poole's character (3).
10. A prince on his head in Hyde Park (4).
- 13R. Type of stocking associated by Prince Henry with a caddisgarter (4).

20. Written mechanically in a lofty pedagogic style (5).
25. Art worshipper or worker (5).
26. 'Stem daughter of the voice of God' (4).
29. Melted in an antediluvian giant ape (5).
- 30R. Evict the cat (5).
31. Collecting point for bees (6).
34. It comes right at the start (5).
40. He can end increase perfectly (8).
47. See 21A.
50. If reversed the two for the coveted land-owner (6).
52. Slow oarsman in a second-class racing boat (6).
- 53R. 'Thy fortress and thy —' (4).
67. Far from gross (3).
68. Unboarded port served to protect an Etruscan home (3).

## Solution of No. 1,174

G	E	M	S	H	A	R	T	E	B	E	E	S	T
A	X	I	S	A	E	H	R	A	I	Z	Z	A	R
Z	C	S	A	L	R	O	I	N	E	D	I	S	A
E	E	D	C	H	A	M	O	I	S	A	T	G	
L	E	E	T	I	N	G	S	P	A	R	T	N	E
L	E	H	P	H	O	L	O	N	G	E	L		
E	E	D	S	E	R	O	O	D	E	T	A		
C	N	D	A	E	A	B	Y	E	T	A	P		
H	T	O	D	E	L	L	A	S	O	A	S	H	
H	R	E	T	H	C	A	L	R	S	S	V		
K	O	O	D	O	B	E	R	S	S	A	S		
A	B	U	T	H	R	I	D	U	P	S	E	G	G
H	E	N	E	Y	E	R	I	E	M	E	U	R	N
A	D	D	A	X	B	O	K	N	I	L	G	A	V

## NOTES

The puzzle might have been called GUNS OF THE WORLD. Like ARIEL, all unclued lights were kinds of antelope. Across: 26B. Length of ulna. 32B. Dis=Pluto. 33. Prolong(e). 50. real South. 52. (A) Shakespearean. 66. A (but). 73. Eye in Suffolk. 75. Urn Burial. Down: 2. Excel (Lent). 6U. Are (a). 51U. Neu(tral). 57. (Hore-)Belisha 61. Gas rev. 65U. Less(or). [EGMA apologises for the omission of a clue to 23D] CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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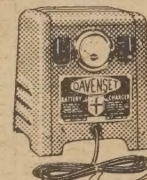
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